

OCTOBER

35 CENTS

# CHILD LIFE

*The Children's Own Magazine*



RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

# FOXY SQUIRREL

## IN THE GARDEN



Full-page line drawing from color plate by Frances Beem

*Foxy Squirrel and Mrs. Foxy building the new house*



Stories by CLARA INGRAM JUDSON

Pictures by FRANCES BEEM

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Chicago, Illinois

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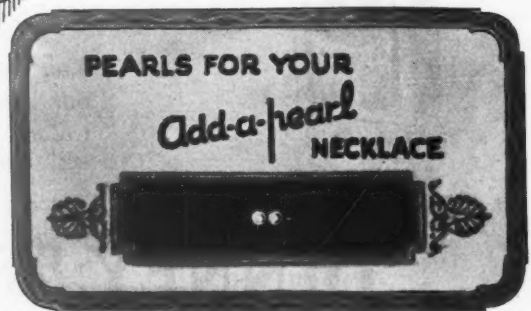
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### Look for these 3 Causes

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(2) *Bad Health Habits*. Check up and make sure your children have plenty of sleep, healthy exercise, fresh air, good drinking water, frequent baths, regular bowel movements, etc.

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7 to 8 "	4.5 "	2 "	7 to 8 "	5 "	2 "
8 to 9 "	5 "	2 "	8 to 9 "	5 "	1.7 "
9 to 10 "	6 "	2 "	9 to 10 "	6 "	2.2 "
10 to 11 "	5 "	1.7 "	10 to 11 "	7 "	2 "
11 to 12 "	6.5 "	1.8 "	11 to 12 "	9.5 "	2.5 "
12 to 13 "	8 "	2 "	12 to 13 "	11.5 "	2 "
13 to 14 "	10.5 "	2.5 "	13 to 14 "	10 "	2 "
14 to 15 "	12.5 "	2.7 "	14 to 15 "	6 "	1.2 "
15 to 16 "	12.5 "	2.7 "	15 to 16 "	5 "	.75 "

Reprinted from "The Care and Feeding of Children" by L. Emmett Holt, M. D.  
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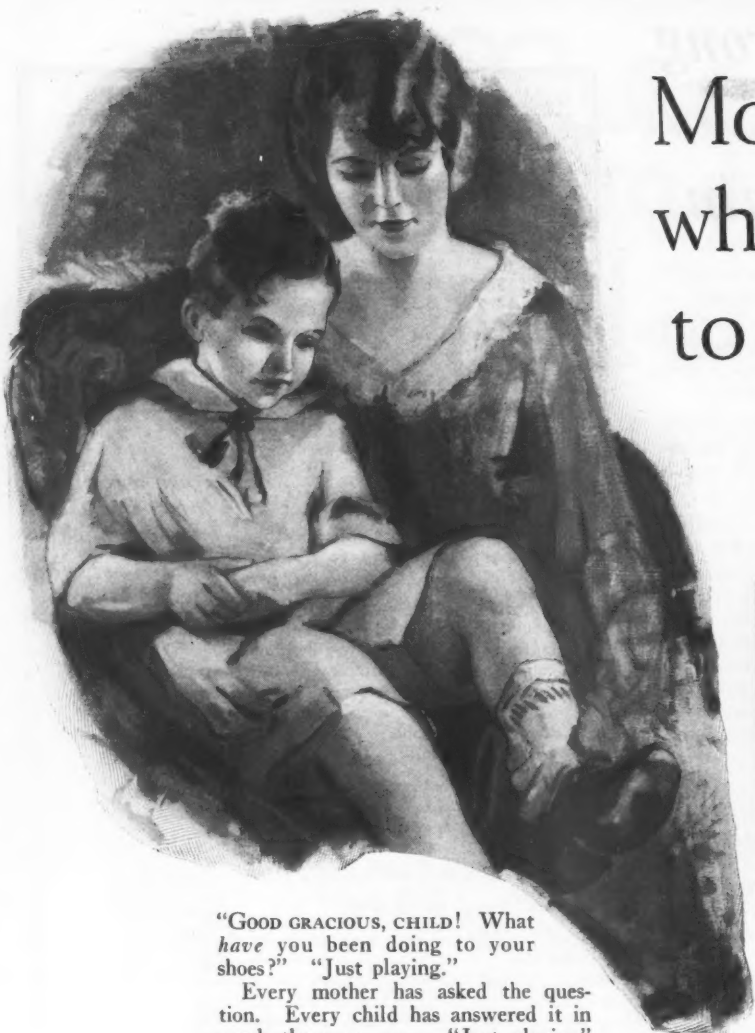
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Better shoes for less money



# CHILD LIFE

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## FALL-TIME FUN

OCTOBER days have magic ways  
Of making us remember  
That fall-time fun has just begun,  
Not ended in September.

Such gorgeousness of gala dress  
We see on hillsides slanting!  
The woodland gluts with fruit and nuts  
And color most enchanting.

While squirrels eat their autumn treat  
Where gnomes and goblins rollic,  
We'll have our spread at home instead  
Where ghosts and witches frolic.

*Rose Waldo, editor.*







## HALLOWEEN

HELEN WING

WE HAD a Goblin party on the night of Halloween  
And all the children on our street were there.  
And it was dark inside our house with only candlelight  
And Jack-o'-lanterns standing by the stair.

There was a big, enormous ghost that walked around  
the room  
(The ghost was really Father in a sheet)  
And he made moans and shook his head, but no one  
was afraid!  
Because he gave them lollipops to eat.

I dressed up like a goblin in a last-year's Brownie suit;  
(I made myself a tail that I could wag);  
And Mary Ann rode on a broom and was a kind of  
Witch  
Who kept her magic secrets in a bag.

We bobbed for apples in a tub and caught them with  
our teeth  
But I got water in my nose and eyes,  
So I was glad when Mother called us to the dining  
room  
For that was where we found the big surprise.

The table was more fancy than I'd ever seen before;  
I couldn't tell what thing I liked the most,  
The doughnuts or the pumpkin pie, the cider or ice  
cream,  
All-served to us by Mother and the Ghost.

When there was nothing left but crumbs, the children  
had to go,  
'Cause it was past their time to go to bed;  
Then everybody thanked us for the party, and they  
wished  
That Halloween came *every* week, they said.





## JACK O' LANTERN INN.

by MARJORIE BARROWS

### INTRODUCING:

MRS. WITCH, who is a Good Witch, and doesn't care who knows it. She wears what she is supposed to.

JACK, her husband—that's all. He wears a pumpkiny head, scarecrowy clothes and a sweet smile.

### THEIR CHILDREN:

THE LITTLE WITCHES, three or more of them, who take after their mother with peaked hats, black capes, broomsticks and everything.

THE HALLOWEEN ELVES, three or more somersaulting little elves with pumpkiny heads. They have inherited the family snore and they take after their father—and that isn't saying much.

### THE REAL CHILDREN:

PHOEBE and PHIL, who are dressed in comfy play clothes and are just as old as you think they are.

WHAT YOU SEE WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP: Jack O'Lantern Glen, which is really just a nice cornfield with several corn shocks here and there, and a black rail fence in the background with a black velvet cat and a stuffed owl perched on it. In the back, a little to the right, is Jack O'Lantern Inn. It is made like any other stage hut except its orange cardboard front is shaped like a huge jack o'lantern, whose mouth makes a good door and whose eyes make good enough windows for any witch. There is a sign on the Inn that reads,

JACK O' LANTERN INN—AN APPLE  
A DAY—NO CORES ACCEPTED

And here, as the curtain goes up, comes Jack, himself, eating an apple, and stretching and yawning between bites.

JACK (flopping down beside a comfortable corn shock, and stretching out his ten fingers, on each of which is tied a different colored ribbon): Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four-three-two-one—one! [Pauses, then tries again faster.] Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four-three-two-one! What was it that this one was to remind me to remember? [Another pause.] Oh, yes, the alarm clock, of course! [He yawns again and goes on tiptoe into the Inn, soon returning with the alarm clock, which he winds and places beside him while he stretches back against a corn shock.] Of course! How stupid of me to forget that that was to remind me to remember the alarm clock. [He turns over, and begins to snore oh, so loudly!]

[MRS. WITCH now comes out of the Inn, sweeping the ground with her broom and singing as she sweeps to the tune of "Sweet and Low:"]

When the horned owl hoots in the cypress tree,  
And the black bat blunders by,  
When the purple dusk is drenched with musk  
And the Harvest moon rides high,  
Then a wisp of wind goes OOOOoooooooooooo  
Till perky pumpkins prance  
On Halloween, on Halloween  
And witches wake and dance!

[Suddenly she spies JACK—she was singing too loudly to hear his snores—and gives him a playful poke with her broom.]





MRS. WITCH (*impatiently*):  
Drat! Jack! Scat!

[*JACK remains snoring peacefully; MRS. WITCH claps her hands twice and immediately, from behind the corn shock that JACK is using for a pillow, somersault three or more HALLOWEEN ELVES.*]

FIRST ELF (*hopping up and down*): What is it, Mother? Can't the other witches and elves come to our party?

SECOND ELF (*tugging at her skirts*): What is it, Mother? Have the cats lost their miaow? Won't the moon be turned on tonight?

THIRD ELF (*wringing his hands*): What is it, Mother? Oh, *haven't* we enough apples to go round?

MRS. WITCH (*calmly*): Turn out your toes and don't chew up your words! It's just your Father. He's gone asleep again. Wake him up!

[*The HALLOWEEN ELVES scamper behind the corn shock and soon come back, one with a box labeled "pepper," which he sprinkles under JACK'S nose, one with a sprinkling can which he pours on JACK'S face, and one with a Halloween horn which he blows in JACK'S ear.*]

JACK (*sitting up suddenly, with his fingers in his ears, sneezing and shivering*): Stop it! Ka-chew! Brrrr! Kachew! Stop it! You little imps, you! I'll teach you to wake up your Father that way! [*He starts to chase one around the corn shock, and MRS. WITCH pulls his coat tails and holds him back.*]

MRS. WITCH (*soothingly*): There, there, Jack, I told them to do it. I couldn't wake you myself. Where are those apples I sent you for?

JACK (*looking meekly at the strings on his fingers and pulling out an apple core from his patch pocket*): Apples, my dear? Black cats and broomsticks, my dear, what about 'em?

MRS. WITCH (*anxiously*):



Oh, Jack! Think hard. You're so forgetful! What did you do with the basketful I gave you to put in the storeroom? It's not there now.

JACK (*shaking his head sadly*): Bless my Halloween horn and beanblowers, my dear, I *can't* think what I did with them!

MRS. WITCH (*taking off her peaked hat and fanning herself impatiently*): But all the reformed witches are coming to our Halloween party tonight, and we *must* have those apples. Stand on your head a moment, Jack; you generally remember better that way.

[*JACK obligingly tries to stand on his head and counts ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four-three-two-one again. Then he jumps up and down excitedly.*]

JACK: I remember now, my dear! I remember!

MRS. WITCH (*eagerly*): Well?

JACK (*holding out the core*): See? I ate 'em up!

MRS. WITCH: Oh, Jack! All of them?

JACK: Yes'm—every single one of 'em. Here's the last core!

MRS. WITCH: Oh, Jack! How *could* you forget that tonight's Halloween and we've sent out all those invitations and what *will* those witches think of me giving a Halloween party without apples! Why, there won't be any to duck for or peel and tell fortunes by or—oh deary me, why we simply *must* find some more. Black bats and beetles, we *must*!

ELVES (*excitedly*): We simply *must*!

MRS. WITCH (*shooing them off with her broom*): There, there! Run along now and don't interrupt





me. Turn out your toes and don't chew up your words!

[The HALLOWEEN ELVES scamper away but remain where the audience can see them. One pokes his head around the corner of a corn shock, and the other two peer out of the two round windows in Jack O'Lantern Inn. All three fall asleep and snore—just like JACK.]

JACK (starting to lie down again): I daresay the witches won't mind. I'm sort of sick of apples, myself.

MRS. WITCH (indignantly): I daresay you are. You've eaten every single one of those that I saved and saved. Just think of all those silly animal roomers I've rented rooms to—just to earn those apples that you ate!

JACK: I'm sorry, my dear, but what can we do now? They'll be here in just about an hundred owl hoots from now. [He starts to wind his alarm clock again.]

MRS. WITCH: Wait a moment, Jack! Don't go to sleep yet. There are those apples of Farmer Jim's. I heard him say this afternoon that he didn't want that treeful and that anyone could have 'em. [Claps her hands twice and the three HALLOWEEN ELVES wake up and come running out to her.] Get your lanterns and go with your father. Help him bring the apples from Farmer Jim's tree. Let's see now. Are you all dressed for the party?

ELVES: Yes, Mother. All dressed up!

MRS. WITCH: Nails Clean? Ears scrubbed? Fresh hankies? [She inspects them as each one turns around, waving a clean handkerchief.]

ELVES: Yes, Mother.

MRS. WITCH: Well, I do hope you'll be a credit to me. Remember now, only one helping of Halloween hash—and say please.

ELVES (turning somersault): Yes, Mother. We'll remember!

MRS. WITCH (laughing): Well, run along—all of you. And be sure to bring back those apples!

[JACK and the ELVES pick up small Jack O'Lanterns and hurry off the stage. MRS. WITCH starts sweeping again, humming the Witches' song. Suddenly she stops, lays down her broom and starts hunting for something. Then she claps her hands three times and out from behind the other corn shocks pop three or more cunning LITTLE WITCHES. They've been there all this time only you and I never knew it!]

LITTLE WITCHES (running up to MRS. WITCH): Yes, Mother? What is it, Mother? Do you want something, Mother?

MRS. WITCH (fanning herself with her hat again—she is that upset): I can't find my magic spectacles. And how am I going to make the Halloween hash without them?

LITTLE WITCHES (running around, making broomstick circles in the air and searching everywhere): We'll find them, Mother.

FIRST LITTLE WITCH: They're not in the Inn.

SECOND LITTLE WITCH: They're not behind the corn shocks.

THIRD LITTLE WITCH: Why, there they are! Right on your forehead!

MRS. WITCH (laughing with the others): Well, well! Run along now



and fetch me the cookbook and the kettle. We've no time to lose!

[LITTLE WITCHES bring her a kettle which they set on a tripod. Then they hand her a big spoon and her fat cookbook, and one by one bring out cups filled with all sorts of wonderful things—that you and I can't see but that witches can.]

MRS. WITCH (stirring kettle with her big spoon): One cup of strawberry ice cream, one cup of buttercup sundae, a pinch of rose-petal pie and a dash of chocolate chips—there, that's all. Just think what some children who read old-fashioned fairy tales *think* we eat—bats and mice and all sorts of horrid things! Now let's leave the hash to hash as hash should hash. Run into the house and clean up. It's a quarter to Halloween now. Hurry!

[All scamper into Jack O'Lantern Inn and the stage remains deserted for a moment. Not a sound is heard. Then suddenly the stuffed owl cries, "Too-wit! Too-woo!" and the black velvet cat, "Mee-ee-aw!"—at least it sounds as though they do. A second later PHIL comes tiptoeing out from behind the corn shock to the left. He peers around and tiptoes back, calling, "Phoebe!" very softly. Then PHIL comes back again, holding a reluctant PHOEBE by the hand.]

PHIL: There's no one here, Phoebe. I looked!

PHOEBE: Yes, but here's a pot. And a house, too. So they'll come back. And I'm—I'm sort of scared. It's Halloween. There may be witches here.

PHIL: Pooh! I'm here. No one can hurt you while I'm here!

OWL (suddenly): Too-wit! Too-woo!

PHIL (dodging behind PHOEBE's skirts in a panic): Wh—wh—at's that?

PHOEBE (giggling): It's just an owl.

PHIL: Oh! [Sniffing.] My, that stuff in the pot smells good. I'm awf'ly hungry.

PHOEBE: Well, we must hurry home and take Mother those apples that Farmer Jim gave us. She'll make us a pie with some. I'm sure she will. And we can duck for the others.

PHIL (looking around): It looks witchy. Sort of.

BLACK CAT: Me—eee—a-a-ow!

PHOEBE (as she and PHIL start back suddenly): It's only a black cat. But you're right, Phil. There might be some of those awful witches we've read about here and—

PHIL: Sh-sh! Quick, let's hide. They're coming!

[Voices are heard both at the left and at the right. The children look around quickly for a hiding place and rush for a corner corn shock where they crouch—unseen by those on the stage, but just where you and I can see them perfectly. They are just in time—for JACK enters from one side and the ELVES from the other.]

JACK: Bats and screech owls! By the black cat's whiskers! It's good to get back to one's own pumpkin-sweet-pumpkin.

ELVES: So it is! [They start playing leap-frog at one end of the stage. MRS. WITCH and the LITTLE WITCHES come out of the Inn.]

MRS. WITCH (humming): When the horned owl hoots in the cypress tree—(breaks off): H'lo Jack-O. Where are those apples?

JACK (standing on his head): Let's see. Oh, yes, they were gone. Some children took 'em. Tried to catch them—but I couldn't.

MRS. WITCH: Oh dear!

LITTLE WITCHES: Oh dear!

ELVES (mimicking): Oh DEAR!!

JACK: I just wish I could have caught 'em!

PHIL (from corn shock): Ka—chew!

PHOEBE (who can't hold back any longer, either): Ka—chew!

[JACK, the ELVES, MRS. WITCH and the LITTLE WITCHES rush to the corn shock, of course, and pull out the frightened children.]

(Continued on page 623)







### PUZZLE—FIND OUR FEATHERED FRIEND

WE HEARD a little chirping sound  
Beside our tree to-day;  
We looked around and found a bird  
Who said he couldn't stay,

Because he had to go down south  
At this time of the year.  
If you will search you'll find him too;  
He's really very near!





## THE CUCKOO HOUSE

**D**ID you ever hear of a house that pretended it was a cuckoo clock?

Probably not, for this story happened a long, long time ago—during the Revolutionary War, in fact—and most people have forgotten it if they ever heard it. It was a very dignified house that played this trick and one that you would never suspect of such nonsense—the village inn—but of course you never can tell what a house will do any more than a person, when its country is in danger. And, to tell the truth, the house might never have done anything at all if it had not been for two young patriots, Ruth and Dan Brownley, the children of the inn keeper.

The Brownley Inn was a delightful place for any one to live. Down by the road hung the great sign which gave the inn its name, the Colonial Arms. An artist had come from New York just to paint that sign and had worked many days upon it. On one side was a beautiful picture of the Goddess of Liberty for whom the colonies were fighting, and on the other, was a great chain, made of thirteen links, and in each link, a pine tree, a spreading maple, or graceful vine, or some other symbol which represented one of the colonies. Dan and Ruth thought that it was the most beautiful picture they had ever seen and they loved it dearly. Did it not represent the

By JANET P. SHAW

dear country which they were so eager to serve?

The house itself was built of small, brown bricks which had been brought from England more than a century before and which looked as though they could tell dozens of interesting stories if one could only understand brick language. And the tiny, square panes of glass in the windows had been washed by so many rains and snows that they had caught all the colors of the rainbow and shone like mother-of-pearl in the sunlight.

Up in the gable above the front door, was a window of colored glass, shaped like a fan, and below it were two shutters, so like the doors of the cuckoo clock down in the hall that Ruth and Dan often

wondered why they never opened and let out a jolly little bird to call the hours. And, of course, that is where this story really begins, for when people begin to wonder why a thing *doesn't happen*, it often *does*, you know.

As I told you before, this all happened during the Revolutionary War. The inn was not far from the camps of both the British and

American troops and sometimes, when there was a battle, the children could hear the "Boom! Boom!" of the great guns and even the "Rat! tat! tat!" of the muskets. And, of course, the soldiers from both camps often stopped at the inn.





One day there was a great deal of company in the house—great, tired-looking men they were, with muddy boots and heavy pistols, who came through the orchard at the back of the house. The children knew they were officers in the

American army by the way they were hurried into a secret room and served with the best that Mrs. Brownley could supply.

Ruthie and Dan were all eyes and ears and got in everyone's way without meaning to. They loved these men dearly who were fighting for their country, and they wanted to ask dozens and dozens of questions about the war. But Mrs. Brownley knew that the men had no time for young people just then, and so to their disappointment she soon sent them to the attic to play.

"Let's have a game of hopscotch," suggested Dan to fill the time. "I have the squares all marked out with red and blue and white and we can name them Trenton and Princeton and Morristown and other battle towns and surprise the enemy just the way Washington does."

"That would be fun," answered Ruth, "but I'm afraid that our poor soldiers are hungry. I think I'd better bake some pies and cakes and things for them." She had brought some brown and white sand from the seashore the summer before, which made delicious looking food, and her father had made her a set of pewter pans almost like her mother's, and so Ruthie was very proud of her sand cooking.

Before long Dan grew very warm playing soldier and decided to open the shutters of the cuckoo window. He had hardly opened them a crack, however, when to his surprise he saw a group of soldiers riding along the road to the inn. He knew they were British officers by their red coats

and gold decorations. They stopped when they saw the bright new sign and began to discuss its meaning. Then, to Dan's horror, they lifted their muskets and aimed at it and he heard one cry, "It's a traitorous sign and should be shot down! I'll wager you a shining sovereign, Sir Captain, that you'll miss the tip of yonder pine tree at a hundred paces."

"Don't scatter your gold abroad so recklessly, friend Hal," answered his companion. "I'll double

your wager and win your pocket piece."

"Bang!" went the first musket. "Bang!" answered the second.

"Hit the bull's eye that time," commented the captain, "but 'twas only chance. I'll match you again. Since we have missed those Yankee plotters we have bullets to spare."

"Bang, bang!" went the muskets again, but this time Dan had no ears for the shots. All of a sudden he had realized that these men were hunting for the weary, mud-spattered patriots downstairs and in a minute would be in the inn!

"Ruthie, Ruthie," he called to his sister, "run downstairs and tell Father some British soldiers are out in the road in front of the inn and they are looking for the Americans who are meeting here. Run, Ruthie, run as fast as you can, while I stay here and try to keep them out of the house."

Ruthie was not a very big girl but she understood that she

might save the lives of the brave soldiers downstairs if she ran fast enough, and before Dan had finished she was halfway to the stairs. A minute later she was knocking at the door of the secret room.

Dan sighed with relief as he heard the door open, and turned back to the little window. There he found that the British soldiers, already weary of the game of defacing his beautiful sign, had dismounted





and were idly making their way up the walk to the inn. Something must be done at once to give the Americans more time to get away, and Dan knew that he was the only person who could do it.

Suddenly a plan popped into his head. He and

Ruth had often played tricks on their friends by calling to them when they saw them passing along the road; perhaps if he pretended he was a cuckoo bird, the men would stop at least for a minute to laugh at him. That would give the colonial soldiers time to escape through the orchard, to the road half a mile away which led to headquarters and safety. Dan longed to look out of the window at the back of the attic to watch them riding away, but he was a soldier on picket duty and he knew that he must stick to his post.

While he had been doing all this thinking, he had also been acting. He ran to the corner and picked up Ruthie's old cap which she had dropped there, and stuck it on his head. Then, when he thought the soldiers would see him, he flung open the little doors and called loudly, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!" and bobbed up and down like the wooden cuckoo bird in the clock.

He was a comical enough figure for any one to laugh at and the fun-loving young Englishmen were more than glad to be amused. "A strange bird but a merry one!" cried one. "He wears King George's colors on his head. Perhaps he'll sing again. Come, Cuckoo!" And they laughed again.

Dan would gladly have snatched off the red cap when he heard that remark, but he knew that this was no time to be particular. Again he swung open the little doors and cried, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"By King George, the hour grows earlier instead of later, according to this bird. Come, Cuckoo, sing again and let's see what hour it will be this time,"

called out another soldier.

This was a funny game after all, decided Dan, and flung open the shutters. He tried to call twelve times but choked on his laughter and had to stop at six. While Dan went for a drink, Ruth, who had returned from her errand, took his place at the window.

"Oh, Dan," she cried a minute later. "I believe the red coats are going around to the back of the house. Maybe they will see the horses' tracks in the orchard and follow our men!"



Dan forgot his cough at this new danger. Something must be done at once to keep the British at the front of the inn. He looked around at the pleasant attic with its rafters festooned with strings of fragrant apples, onions, and red peppers; at the leather-covered trunks, and piles of furniture waiting to be mended. Then he caught sight of his grandfather's fife and a home-made drum with which he and Ruth often played.

"Hooray!" he called softly to Ruth, "This cuckoo clock plays tunes as well as calls the hour. You keep time on the old drum the way Drummer Thompson does when he marches at the head of the soldiers and I'll play 'Yankee Doodle.'"

"Hooray!" answered Ruth, and ran for the drum. And then, because they could keep time better when they were walking, they began to march round and

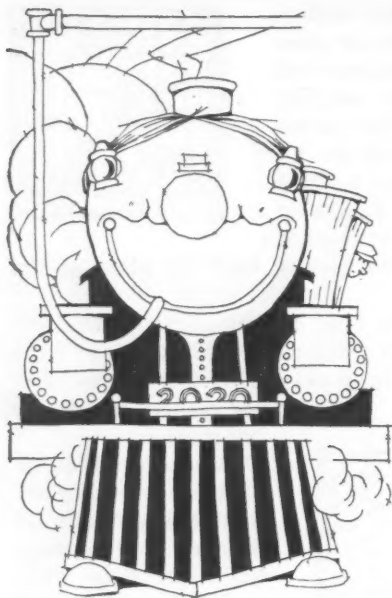
round the big attic to the jolly old tune.

Now if there was any tune which the British didn't like, it was "Yankee Doodle." It was such a brave little tune which seemed to snap its fingers in their very faces. Then, too, they had heard it many times before hard-fought battles which they didn't like to think about.

So, as soon as they caught the first notes, they

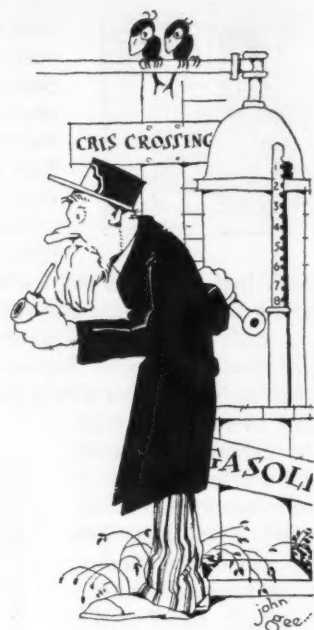
(Continued on page 626)





# THE ADVENTURES OF TILLY

By  
GENEVIEVE  
K. McCONNELL



**T**ILLY was a good old hard-working railroad train, who used to carry people up and down the tracks every day, and had never done any harm in all her life.

One hot summer day she stopped at a station and whistled for a drink, as trains always do. They cannot say, "Please give me a glass of water," or even "Give me a drink," as some children do; so they just whistle, and the station man understands and turns the big water pipe around for them. This time, however, there was a new man at the station, who had always taken care of automobiles before, and didn't know that trains are different. Automobiles drink gasoline, but trains are not used to such strong drink. Anything stronger than plain water will make a train tickly, and then it is liable to do very queer things. This man did not know any better than to pour about ten

gallons of gasoline down poor Tilly's thirsty throat. She thought it tasted very nice, but it went to her head, and made her behave very queerly.

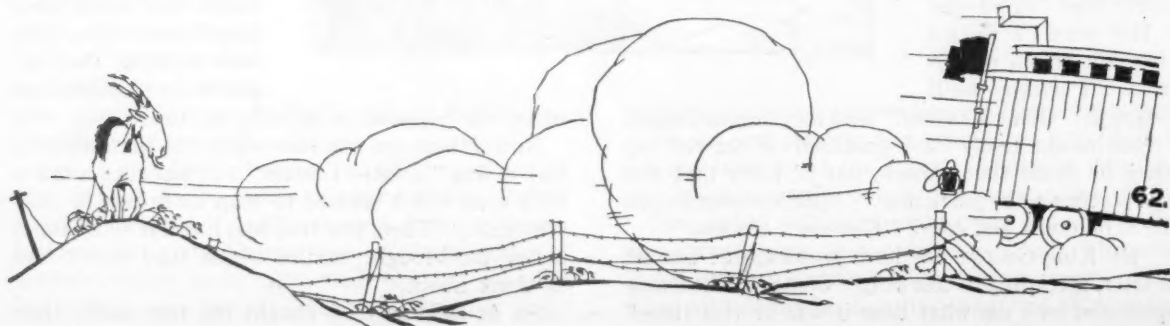
She began to run very fast, and the conductor looked at his watch to see if they were late, because he thought the engineer must be making up time. Tilly never had run so fast before, but they were not late, and the conductor could not understand it. Neither could the passengers, and they called to him and said,

"Conductor, why are we going so fast?"

He had to say he didn't know. In a few minutes they called to him again,

"Conductor, why is the train bumping so?"

Tilly had begun to take queer little jumps every now and then. The conductor didn't want to say again that he did not know; so he told them the track needed mending. One cross old woman said she had paid enough





for her ticket to mend all the tracks in the state. The conductor, who always tried to be polite to passengers, did not answer. Anyway, Tilly was beginning to take bigger jumps, and it was not easy to talk. Every time the train jumped she let out a loud whistle, and the passengers began to be frightened, and to whisper to each other that something was wrong. The conductor thought so, too, but he didn't say anything.

Tilly was jumping very high and far each time now and running very fast, and the passengers began shouting to the conductor to stop the train and let them get out. So he pulled the strap that goes along the ceiling but Tilly would not stop. She was just like a runaway horse that won't stop, no matter how hard you pull on the reins. So he said he would go and speak to the engineer, and he started off while the passengers held onto the seats and tried to keep from bumping each other. Babies were crying, ladies were screaming, and the men were storming.

The conductor had to crawl along the floor to get to the engine, because the train was jumping so he couldn't stand up. But he got there at last and told the engineer to stop the train. Now this was something the engineer had been trying to do, but couldn't. So when the conductor said, "Stop the train," it made him feel very cross, and he snapped back, "Stop her yourself."

"I can't," said the conductor. "No matter how hard I pull the strap, she won't stop."

Then they both tried, and did everything they could think of to that engine. They

pushed all the buttons, and turned all the handles, and pulled all the levers, but nothing did any good. Tilly left the track, and ran across the fields, jumping fences and ditches, haystacks and barns, and now and then coming down, splash, in a pond. And every time she jumped, she whistled as loud as she could, for she was no longer tame old Tilly, the tired train. She was Tickly Tilly, now.

The conductor crawled back again and told the passengers the train would not stop, and they all lay down on the floor and held onto the seats, crying, for they felt sure it was the end of them. By and by Tilly came to a town, and ran right through the streets, jumping and shrieking at the top of her voice. People scattered in every direction, some running into houses or stores, others hiding behind fences or in rain barrels. One man even crawled into the sewer. Tilly went by so fast that nobody was sure just what she was, and after it was all over, they thought it must have been a tornado.

After Tilly left the town, she went crashing through the woods, lashing her tail, and knocking down the trees, or pulling them up by the roots, until at last she came out on the seashore. And then what do you think she did? As soon as she saw the nice cool salt water ahead of her, she made straight for it. Across the sand she went, and into the breakers, where she lay down to let the waves wash over her and cool her head.

When the water began to come into the cars, the passengers scrambled out through the windows on the upper side, and the

(Continued on page 626)





## JUST AROUND OUR CORNER

**T**HE very first day we moved into our new home in Cedarcrest,

Mother said to me, "That's a queer-looking house right next to ours, on the corner. I wonder who lives there, Alma."

And I answered, "I'm not sure, but I think it's two old ladies. One's short and fat and the other's tall and thin. That's all I've seen so far."

"Not very interesting for you, is it, honey?" went on Mother, as she climbed a stepladder to hang the draperies. "But never mind! Perhaps you'll find some nice children near-by."

"Oh, I've found some already!" I said. "At least, I know where some live and it's right near here, too—just around our corner on the next street. The corner of their yard runs back and just touches ours. There are a lot of them, and I saw them playing in their yard this morning. They were making rather a big racket, and the thin old lady next door came out and scolded them, and they all looked scared and ran indoors."

"I hope they're not noisy, boisterous children who will teach you bad manners," said Mother, looking worried. But she had her mouth full of pins and her hands full of curtains, so she couldn't say any more just then.

A little later, she told me to run away and play, as she was going to be busy sewing for a while and wouldn't need me any more. So I went out and sat on the fence in our back yard and wondered whether those children would come out again and if I could get acquainted with them. I was feeling a little bit lonely, because,

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

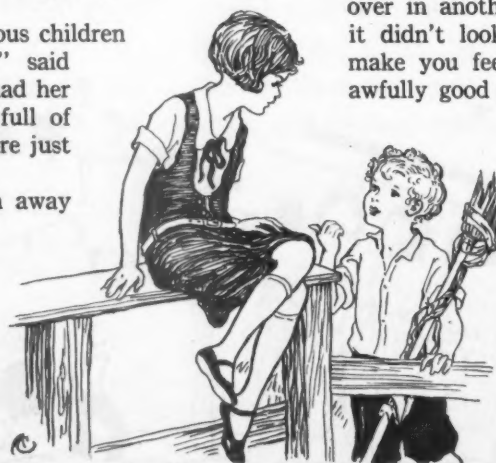
Author of "The Boarded Up House," "Melissa-Across-the-Fence,"  
"The Girl Next Door," "When a Cobbler Ruled a King," etc.

even though I had been awfully glad we were moving out of the city to this

nice country place to live, I missed all the friends I'd had in school and who lived near us in New York. It all seemed so different up in this queer little New England village. I felt quite sure I was going to like it, but I'd never moved before in all the twelve years of my life and I didn't know a soul in the town except Daddy and Mother. That's a very strange feeling.

While I sat there, hoping for some of the children to come out of the house, I couldn't help but notice the difference between their yard and the one of the old ladies on the corner. The children's yard was all mussed-up and sort of frowsy looking. It had scarcely any grass at all and was scattered all over with toys, mostly old and broken, and holes that they'd dug, and something that looked like a dirt fort off in one corner with old stovepipes for cannon, and a dreadfully rickety lawn swing over in another corner. But though it didn't look nice and neat, it did make you feel that someone had an awfully good time in it.

The old ladies' yard was very different. It had a smooth grass lawn and bushes and flowers all carefully cut and trimmed, and very neat, narrow brick walks between the flower-beds and a little fountain in the middle, which was a fat stone child pouring



the water from a big shell, and funny little iron benches here and there that seemed too prim and hard even to sit on. It was a beautiful yard, but it made you feel as if no one ever really enjoyed it or dared to be happy in it. I had a queer feeling that the old ladies must always be worried or sad when they tended to it. Our own yard wasn't anything special just yet, for the house had belonged to an invalid gentleman who had moved away a few months before we moved in; and he'd never done anything but have the grass kept nice and smooth. But Mother was planning to have flowers and shrubs set out later. There was a big old maple tree in the middle with a seat around it, but that was all.

While I was thinking about all this, the door of the children's house opened and a boy came out carrying an old tin pail filled with a lot of croquet balls. He was about nine or ten years old and looked like a cherub in the paintings you see, with curly golden hair, and red cheeks, and big blue eyes, and the most angelic expression. When he saw me, he just grinned over his shoulder and said,

"Hullo! Are you the new girl? We're the Moffats." Then he walked over to the fort and put the pail of croquet balls inside it. He seemed to think that was all the information I needed, so I answered,

"Yes, I'm Alma Burton. But please, which one of the Moffats are you?"

"I'm Angel," he answered and began winding a long rag about the working end of a frowsy old broom.

"A-Angel?" I stuttered. "Isn't that a—rather queer name?" I was sorry the minute I'd said it, for it didn't seem very polite. But he didn't seem to care.

"Oh, my real name's Theodore, of course," he went on, tying the rag in a wad with a piece of string. "But 'cause I've got a face like the things you see on a church window, the kids have called me 'Angel'

as long as I can remember. I guess I don't act like one most of the time, though." And by the way he grinned when he said it, I was sure he didn't!

"How many brothers and sisters have you?" I asked, for I wanted to get as much information as I could from him while he was there. He was busy fitting the wadded end of the broom into one of the stovepipes as he answered,

"Well, besides me, there's Castor and Pollux. Castor is five and a half and Pollux is seven, but he's kind of small and they look just like twins. Only Castor has red hair. That's how you know 'em apart. And then there's Penoochia, she only a girl, just about like you, I guess. And then there's Pearlina. She's our oldest sister. I think she must be as old as seventeen. And she takes care of us all and does the housework, 'cause our mother's dead. And the only other person is Daddy. He's most a hundred, I guess, and he owns the feed store down in the village."

I was almost too startled to say anything. "Castor" and "Pollux" and "Penoochia" and "Pearline"! I'd never heard such extraordinary names in my life.

"Would you mind telling me," I said, "if those are their right names. They sound sort of—unusual?"

"Oh, no, I suppose not!" he answered, rather impatiently. "I forgot you didn't understand. But we're a great family for nicknames. Castor and Pollux's real names are Thomas and Edward, but Daddy called them the other once in fun—it's something out of mythology, I think he said—and it's stuck to 'em ever since. And Penoochia's really Alice Ann, only she's all the time making that candy stuff you cook with brown sugar and nuts, so we call her that. I think she even goes to bed with some of it under her pillow at night. And Pearlina's real name is Pearl, but she's terribly tidy in her ways and always trying to clean up after us and make things look neat, so Daddy named her





that once in fun. Now you know all about it."

When he had finished telling me all this, he calmly went on working at the broom and I sat there feeling sort of bewildered by all the queer things he'd been telling me. I was wondering whether I'd better try to call them by their real names, which I couldn't seem to remember, or by the funny nick-names which somehow stuck in my mind and I couldn't forget, when Angel very coolly announced,

"We're going to have a bombardment of the enemy this afternoon and you can come and help if you like."

"Who—who's the enemy?" I stammered, more and more surprised every minute at this astonishing boy.

"Old Skee-zicks over there," he said, nodding toward the garden of the house on the corner.

"Who?" I cried, thinking he must mean one of the old ladies.

"That fat fountain child," he explained. "We call it the enemy, and have a lot of fun waging war against it. Miss Phoebe and Miss Euphemia don't like us, but of course we won't do anything to them, so we have to take it out on Skee-zicks."

He was squinting along one of the stovepipes, evidently trying to aim it at the fountain as he talked, and I thought it a good chance to ask him about the old ladies and what their names were.

"They're Miss Phoebe and Miss Euphemia Cady," he informed me. "They've always lived there in that house as long as I can remember. They're always kind of cross and queer and don't have much to do with any of their neighbors. But we're as good as they are. All our folks have lived here just as long, only Pearline can't seem to keep the place as neat and fussy as they think it ought to be—and we do make a lot of noise, and they don't like it. But there's one other reason beside that."

He stopped right there very mysteriously and left

off aiming at the stovepipe and looked straight at me.

"Oh, do go on!" I said. "Tell me what you mean." He came over very close to the corner where I was sitting:

"They've got a mystery about them. There's something queer about that house, and no one knows what it is. It's been so for years 'n years. Nobody

ever goes there or is allowed to go into the house if they do. Miss Phoebe 'll meet 'em at the door and hold it half shut and say, 'Sorry I can't ask you in.' And they never go out anywhere to see anyone, 'cept Miss Phoebe goes to market once in a while. She's the tall thin one."

This was certainly thrilling. "Don't any of the older people here know what it is?" I asked. "Doesn't your daddy know?"

"No," answered Angel. "He says whatever it is happened years 'n years ago, and he always tells us that if they want to live that way it's their own affair and nobody else's. So we never think any more about it nowadays."

I was just going to ask him some more questions when a girl about my own age, with dark auburn colored hair, came out of their back door and put a pan of something out on a flat stone.

"She's just made another batch!" snorted Angel. "Hi, Penoochia! Come and see the new girl."

Penoochia came slowly down the long yard to the corner where I sat, and when she got near, Angel said, "Here's Alma Burton." I had intended to say, very politely, "How do you do, Alice Ann?" But when she got close to me and I looked into her laughing brown eyes and saw her friendly smile, all I could think of was, "Hello, Penoochia! I'm awfully glad to have a girl my own age to play with."

And Penoochia put a very sticky hand in mine and just said, "I'm awfully glad too, Alma!"

And somehow I knew right away that we were going to be friends.

*(Chapter II of "Just Around Our Corner" will appear in the November issue of CHILD LIFE.)*





## THE TADPOLE PARTY

By ANNA WILLIAMS ARNETT

ONE morning the Frog Town postman brought a pretty blue letter to Taddie Frog's home. When Taddie opened the envelope, he found an invitation to a party. It was from the Tadpole family. The invitation read:

"Master Taddie Frog is invited to attend the Tadpole party at Tadpole Pond Saturday afternoon, April the tenth. This is a tale-spinning party. Bring your tale along."



Taddie was so happy that he hopped up and down. Then he remembered that he had no tail.

"The invitation says, 'Bring your tale along.' I have no tail. What shall I do? Where can I get a tail?" he asked his mother.

"You used to have a tail, Taddie, when you were a little tadpole. But you lost it one day. Some of the animal children may have picked it up."

"I shall go and see," said Taddie.

So Taddie hopped over to the Muskrat Lady's house and tapped on the door with his hind foot.

The Muskrat Lady opened the door.

"I am looking for my tail, Mrs. Muskrat. Have any of your children found a tail?"

"What would my children want with your tail? My children have beautiful tails of their own, I'll have you know," snapped Mrs. Muskrat. And she slammed the door in Taddie's face.

Taddie hopped next over to Mrs. Mouse's home and tapped on the door with his hind foot.

Mrs. Mouse opened the door.

"I am looking for my tail, Mrs. Mouse. Have any of your children found a tail?"

"What would my children want with your tail? My children have beautiful tails of their own, I'll have you know," snapped Mrs. Mouse, her eyes

flashing. And she slammed the door in his face.

Then Taddie hopped over to Beaver Dam and knocked on the door of Beaver Lodge with his hind foot.

Mrs. Beaver opened the door.

"I am looking for my tail, Mrs. Beaver. Have any of your children found a tail?"

"What would my children want with your tail? My children have beautiful tails of their own, I'll have you know," snapped Mrs. Beaver. And she slammed the door in his face.

Taddie sat down under some cat-tails. "Oh, for a tail!" he sighed. "I wish I had a tail."

"There are plenty of tails." Taddie saw that it was one of the cat-tails that had spoken.

"Yes, I know there are plenty of tails," answered Taddie, "but they are all fastened to somebody."

"We cat-tails are not fastened to anybody," said the cat-tail.

"Are you not fastened to a cat?"

"No, we are called cat-tails because we look so much like the tail of a cat, but we belong to the Plant family. Cats belong to the Animal family," explained the cat-tail.

"Oh," said Taddie, "then may I have you to take with me to the party tomorrow? Every one has to bring a tail with him."

"Yes, I should like to go with you to the party," said the cat-tail.

So Taddie broke the cat-tail from the stem and hopped as fast as he could to his home.

"See, Mother, I found a tail! Now I can go to the party," cried Taddie, waving the cat-tail.

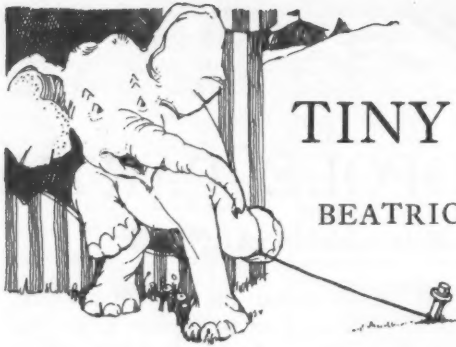
When Saturday came Taddie wore his best green coat and trousers and he carried the cat-tail

AND

When he reached the party he was the only froggie who had a *tail*. Every other guest had brought along a *tail*, and that is what the invitation said. Never had Taddie known how much difference the spelling of a word could make!

There was a prize for the funniest tale. Taddie won it, for the frogs giggled over his *cat-tail* more than all the *tales* together.





## TINY RUNAWAY

By  
BEATRICE HELLER OXLEY



**I**N A CIRCUS there was once a very large little elephant who was named "Tiny" because he wasn't tiny at all. One warm day, Tiny didn't want to walk in the parade. He had been walking in parades so long, and the bricks felt so hot to his big, round, soft, bare feet.

So Tiny didn't want to march. He wanted to find a brook to wade in, and to feel the cold mud squeeze up between his big elephant toes. He wanted to reach his trunk up into the trees, and pull off the leafy branches.

Accordingly, when the keepers were busy with the big elephants, Tiny elephant spread out his huge flapperjack ears, lifted his trunk up into the air, pulled at his rope, pulled again, pulled still harder, and it broke. Then Tiny ran away down the street.

He trumpeted through his long trunk, as a boy might blow a big horn at a picnic. All the men who were driving horses or cars suddenly discovered that they must turn off on side streets when they saw him coming; and all the mothers caught hold of their

children by an arm or a foot or a coat tail or an apron string, and dragged them into the houses. But of course the children kept looking back and laughing, because they thought it a wonderful adventure, to see Tiny Elephant come racing down the street.

So Tiny Elephant ran down the long road to the woods. Near the woods he met a donkey, hitched to a load of hay, and he spoke to him merrily. "I am going to live out here in the woods. Isn't it jolly to live out here?"

"Yes," said the Donkey, tilting one ear forward and the other back. "It's fun to live in the woods in the summertime when there is grass to eat. But in the cold winter there is nothing to eat. Have you gathered any hay for the winter?"

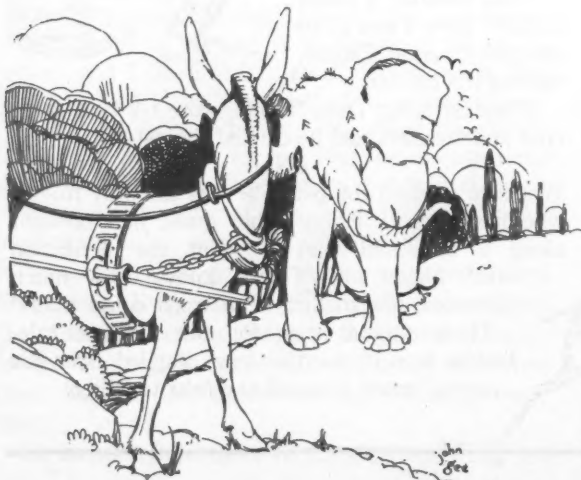
"Why no, no," answered Tiny Elephant. "I have gathered no hay for the wintertime," and he ran away faster than ever, for he thought that the donkey was a very ill-natured fellow, to be talking about winter on this lovely warm day.

Soon Tiny met two white horses drawing a load of wood. Tiny Elephant called to them in such a happy voice, "I am going to live out here in these fine woods. Isn't it nice to live out here?"

And the two white horses neighed together. "Yes, it's very nice now. But there's nothing to eat in the winter, and it's a cold, cold place. Have you cut any firewood for next winter?"

Tiny Elephant blew impatiently through his trunk. "No indeed. I haven't cut a stick of wood."

As he hurried on he thought, "What unpleasant people live in this forest!"





He stopped to break a branch off a tree, but did not, because a little gold and black oriole was sitting on a nest at the very tip of the branch. Tiny Elephant frightened her very much, but she pretended that he didn't.

"This is a pretty place to live in, Little Gold-and-black Bird," said Tiny Elephant. "I think I shall live here always."

"It's all very well in the summertime," said the Oriole with a flirt of her tail. "But the trip south in the winter is very tiresome."

"Trip south," trumpeted Tiny Elephant in surprise, "I don't know anything about a trip south."

"But you'll freeze, if you don't go south," chirped the oriole, and was much relieved to see Tiny hastening away from her tree.

A thin, red fox with a very sharp nose was slipping through the bushes, and Tiny thought, "Here I have found a fellow who likes the woods," so he hailed the fox in this way. "These are fine hunting grounds, Mr. Fox. I'm going to live out here all the time."

"Oh, very well," said the Fox, in his sly, polite way. "Oh, very well. But have you a hole to crawl into when winter comes?"

At that, Tiny Elephant blushed, for he knew that he could never find a hole big enough for him to crawl into. So he turned away quickly to look at the brook.

It was the very kind of a brook he had longed for, with cold mud to squash his elephant toes in. He gathered up some water in his mouth and spurted it out through his trunk, and was just thinking what a delicious time he was having when he spied a big,



fluffy raccoon down by the edge of the water. The raccoon had caught a crayfish, and although the crayfish must have been very clean because it lived in the water, the raccoon was washing it with her little paws which looked just like hands.

After the elephant had watched her a moment he said to her, "Aren't you having a lovely time? Isn't this woods a splendid place to live in?"

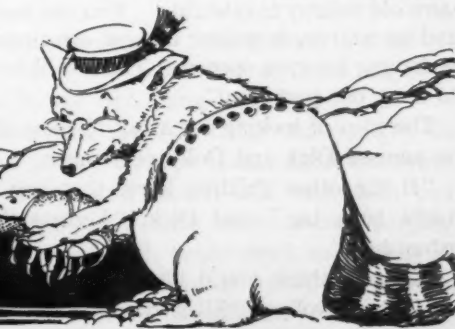
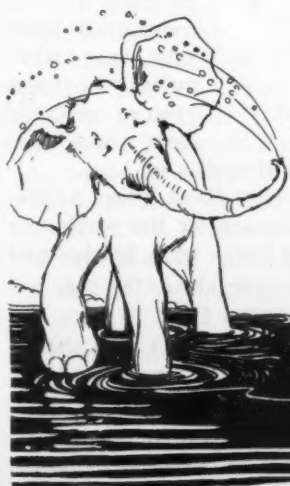
"Well," said the raccoon, rolling the crayfish in her hands. "It's a good place, if you have a raccoon coat for wintertime," and she looked mockingly at Tiny Elephant's bare gray skin.

So Tiny Elephant turned away from the brook, and happened upon a very busy squirrel. "Why do you work so hard, Gray Squirrel?" he asked. "I thought no one needed to work in the green woods."

"Haven't you stored any nuts for winter?" questioned the squirrel. "You'll be very hungry if you don't hide nuts for the winter."

"But I don't eat nuts," said Tiny Elephant,

(Continued on page 627)



# THE SQUIRRELS' BEST HOARD

MOTHER," begged Dick, hurrying into the house one crisp October after-

noon, "couldn't you plan a Halloween party that will be different? You see, some of the boys and girls like things different and some of them like them the way they've always been, so we thought, as Halloween is the same as always, we'd have the party different, and then we'd all be satisfied."

"That's a very good plan," said Mother. "You give up a little here, and somebody else gives up a little there, and the differences are soon ironed out. I'm sure we ought to be able to plan a party that will suit everyone. Any special reason besides Halloween for having it?"

"Just that we haven't had any big meeting since the Fourth of July Treasure Hunt," explained Dick. "We want a fall party that will be just as nice."

"Waking up Ellen Gray was what made the treasure hunt extra exciting for us three," Dolly reminded them.

Mother nodded. "It does help to have a special new reason for a party, doesn't it? Something besides the same old holiday to celebrate. You two look around and see who needs waking up now, or calming down, or having his eyes opened. Then we'll have a tag to hang our party on."

The idea of looking for a tag to hang the party on amused Dick and Dolly very much.

"If the other children knew that one of them might be a tag," said Dick, "I guess they'd be astonished."

"I don't think you'd like knowing you were a tag," said Dolly. "Ellen didn't know and that

By MARGARET WARDE

Author of the "Betty Wales" Series,  
the "Nancy Lee" Series, etc.

was where the fun came in."

"That's so," agreed Dick.

"We must be very secret about

our tag hunt. We mustn't tell a person, Dolly."

After all, it was Mother, and not the children, who found the tag for the Halloween party. One night Jack and Andy and Harriet and Mickey O'Donnell came to the farm for a candy pull. And between cooking and pulling and eating the candy they talked.

"This is certainly a dead place," said Andy. "Nothing ever happened here and nothing will."

"That's so," chimed in Jack. "We haven't even a movie down at the Corners."

"When I'm grown up I shall moverightstraight to the city," said Harriet, "where things are always going on, and I can see the styles."

"I don't know as I would choose the city," said Mickey. "The Rocky Mountains are grand and high. Maybe I shall go mining on one of them."

"Well, anyhow, we'll all move out of this slow old place," said Andy.

"See here," complained Dick, who was Andy's pulling partner, "you're certainly slow about this

candy. Look how white Harriet's is!"

And nothing more was said about places to live. But Mother had found the tag for the party.

"Are we it?" demanded Dolly, when Mother told them not to bother any more about the tag.

"Is either of us it?" queried Dick.

Mother laughed and said she wasn't sure, though she hoped not.

"But I think you'll like the party," she said.

"Let's all meet to-night in the Cabin to plan it."

Mother got to the Cabin ahead of the children



and lit the fire, so that it was leaping and blazing delightfully when they trooped in.

"What's that?" asked George Jones, picking up a long-handled wire box from the table.

"Cornpopper, of course," Andy jeered at him. "Don't you ever pop corn for yourself down in the big city?"

Mother had borrowed three cornpoppers and Andy's father had given her some fresh popcorn that he'd raised himself, so there was a fine feast.

"How would you like a Squirrel party for Halloween?" asked Mother, when the corn was gone. "This is the time of year when squirrels always seem to me the busiest and most sensible creatures around here. I see them scurrying among the nut trees, and when we bring in our apples and squashes and potatoes and so on for our winter store, I think to myself, 'Now we're like the squirrels. We're storing up a happy winter.' Perhaps you've felt that way too."

"Yes! Yes!" cried the children.

"How do we make such a party?" asked Polish Marie.

"Perhaps it's more a game than a party," explained Mother. "You play it like this. Squirrels store up only food, but human squirrels need other things besides to make them a happy winter. One particular thing that every human squirrel needs is pride in his home town. Now I noticed something that made me afraid we hadn't enough pride in our town to last us through the winter, so wouldn't it be a good plan to gather some for our party?"

"How in the world can you gather *that*?" asked Andy scornfully.

"Just as squirrels do," said Mother, "by scurrying around and keeping your eyes open and bringing home what you find. Now it's several weeks to

Halloween. You each go out and hunt for something to be proud of in this town. Your teacher will show you on the map just how big it is. Some of the corners that you don't know well, you can ask your fathers and mothers about, and your grandparents—they ought to know most of all about this town, because they've been here longest. The nicest thing you find bring to me, if you can carry

it; and if not, write me a note about it or come and tell me. And somehow, out of all the things you bring we shall have the party."

"What kind?" asked Dick.

"What kind indeed?" laughed Mother. "How can I tell till I see what the squirrels bring in?"

"It's a sort of treasure hunt, isn't it?" said Harriet.

Yes, Mother said, it was. "You can bring treasures of history or beauty or usefulness—anything you can find that makes this a fine place to live."

"Say, I wonder who'll find anything!" scoffed Andy.

But all the others were eager for the chase.

"I know one thing right off," said Harriet, "but

I might find a better. I'll start hunting to-morrow."

"I've got four grandparents living right around here," said Jack. "That ought to help me along."

"I'm going to discover a hero," Dick told Mother later, in private.

Dolly looked worried. "It isn't any use for me to hunt," she sighed, "because my counting pony is sure to be the best thing I can find."

But Dolly was the only child who thought she owned the finest thing in town. How the others did run around and chatter and rush back with treasure! Any time, when school wasn't keeping, you would see a child, bright-eyed, eager, rushing up to the farm to tell Mother something, or bring her something, or ask her advice.





No child need stop with one thing, Mother said. Harriet brought her the most beautiful bowl of partridge berries and tiny ferns, growing in different kinds of moss, and then she wanted to change that treasure for a better one—the view of Bald Mountain when it was pink in the sunset.

"In Switzerland," Mother told her, "they call that light Alpine glow, and they rank it as one of their great treasures. It's one of the things tourists go there to see. And yet right here in winter we have it, exactly as they do, on the snowy peaks in the East. Our Alpine glow is one of our best treasures, but so are the partridge berries. Let's keep them both for the party."

Andy pretended that he thought the hunt very foolish—until he scoffed about it to his mother and discovered that up in their attic was a big box of Indian arrowheads, dug up in their own field, where the popcorn grew now. Andy could not get to Mother fast enough with his news and some samples of the arrowheads.

"Did you find out much about the battle?" Mother asked him.

"Not yet," said Andy, "but I'm on the track. I'll have it for you before Halloween. Gee! To think that we have a battlefield right on our old farm and I never knew it!"

Dick had a very hard time finding his hero. He discovered that Ethan Allen, the greatest of the Green Mountain boys, had once spent a week down at the Corners. But he wanted a hero who had lived in the town, not merely visited it. He tramped miles to ask questions of all the older people. He spent a whole day in the Middleville library, coming home with many amusing anecdotes of the town's history, but still with no hero.

And then one day out riding with Father, he saw

a tall stone shaft in a little hillside cemetery. "Whose stone is that?" he asked.

"That? Why, it's old Judge Harrington's," said Father.

Who was he, Dick wanted to know.

"He was a judge in slavery days," Father explained. "Once a runaway slave girl was brought into court, and her owner demanded that she be

given back to him, to take to his southern home. 'Not unless you can show me a bill of sale from God Almighty,' said the Judge. See here, Dick, I had forgotten about Judge Harrington. I believe you've found your hero."

"Guess I have," said Dick excitedly. "Tell me some more about him."

"That one remark of his was what made him famous," said Father. "He was always a friend to the poor and the friendless. In the old days much of the land had been given by the English kings to their nobles. After it had been cleared and made into good farms, along would come the heir to the noble, and try to take the farm away from the man who had braved all the dan-

gers and done all the work. But Judge Harrington thought that the poor settler had a claim on the land he had made valuable, and he always decided his cases that way."

"He's my hero!" cried Dick. "I knew this town had a hero somewhere."

George Jones was one of the hardest workers in the hunt. He found a witch-hazel garden—tall bushes glowing golden yellow in the sunshine, down by the brook in his grandfather's pasture.

"City folk would have to pay a heap of money for those branches," he told Mother, "and we get it all for nothing. The country is the place for me! I'm going to find more treasures for you before the hunt's



(Continued on page 630)



## What will mother do?



Smell the naptha  
in Fels-Naptha

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is splendid soap and naptha—two safe, useful cleaners in one golden bar, working together to save work and to save wear-and-tear on clothes. Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week? It costs less in the end!

Water of any temperature may be used with Fels-Naptha. Clothes may be *boiled* with Fels-Naptha, if preferred. Good results are bound to follow, any way it is used. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go, no matter whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Is she busy? As busy as can be! Everything to 'tend to! Kiddies to keep out of mischief. Little dresses, rompers and diapers to keep clean and wholesome!

How she does need the *extra* help of Fels-Naptha to give her a real "lift" with her work!

Naptha loosens dirt. Naptha and splendid soap, working together in Fels-Naptha, make the dirt scamper quickly, like two little boys chasing a puppy out of the flower-bed! They give mother *extra* washing help she cannot get in any other form! Safe, quick help!

Isn't this *extra* help worth a penny more a week? Mother will say it is—when she finds how Fels-Naptha saves her hands, her time, and the wear-and-tear of clothes in washing!

Every mother ought to get a golden bar or two from her grocer, and test its helpfulness.



The original and genuine naptha soap in the red-and-green wrapper. Convenient to buy it in the ten-bar carton.

# FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR Fels & Co. Philadelphia



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THERE wasn't anybody in the neighborhood who could run as fast as Tommy. He was certainly a fast boy. And he could run a long way, too, without getting tired or losing his breath.

Tommy could always win from boys bigger than he was, and older, too. And I'll tell you the reason why. There isn't any secret about it.

Tommy made himself strong and sturdy by doing the right things. He got plenty of sleep and fresh air. He didn't eat too many sweets and things. Tommy was too wise for that. He knew that boys who want to be fast runners must eat the right kind of food, too. So Tommy ate the good things that made him strong, and able to run a long race.

You can be sturdy and strong, too, and maybe a fast runner like Tommy. But be sure to eat the right food. It's mighty nice that you can get Grape-Nuts to eat. It tastes great! And it is good for you, too. It helps make you strong and healthy.

Grape-Nuts is good and crisp and you'll like to chew it. Chewing crisp food helps keep your teeth and gums strong and healthy. Don't you think it's fine that Grape-Nuts gives your teeth the exercise they need—and helps you grow strong and healthy—and at the same time is so good to eat? Have your Mother get you some Grape-Nuts.

MOTHERS! Good teeth play an important part in the health of your child's body. Furthermore, the facial contour

and shape of your child's head are influenced by the exercise, or lack of exercise, given to the jaws. And Grape-Nuts helps greatly.

But greater even than these, Grape-Nuts contributes to your child's body dextrins, maltose, and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron indispensable to the blood; phosphorus for bones and teeth; protein for muscle and body-building, and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite.

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## LESSON No. 8

OCTOBER brings so many pleasant things—school and crisp cool days and Saturdays—of course we had Saturdays all summer, but they seem different when school starts, don't you think they do?



The very first Saturday in October we are going to make a dessert for Sunday dinner. Now of course, if you really have time and you want to make this as soon as the magazine comes, that's quite all right. Or if you want to make dessert for Wednesday dinner, or to take over to Grandmother's for a birthday surprise, it will taste just as fine, we know. But the most of us are making Sunday dessert because then Father has time to admire our cooking and

Mother and Cook especially like help.

Some of our Child Life Cooks are older than others, so some are allowed to use a sharp knife for peeling and cutting. For them we are going to have one kind of dessert, with another one, every bit as good, for the girls and boys who are just beginning and have to get much more experience before they try to do everything. The older cooks are making Fruit Gelatine and the rest of us will make Lemon Jelly—not so very much difference, as you will see.

For Lemon Jelly you will need 1 package of granulated gelatine; 1 cupful of sugar; 2 or 3 lemons—enough to make  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful of juice.

For Fruit Gelatine you will need in addition, 1 orange, 2 peaches and some white or seedless grapes. Any other fruit you prefer may be used but there must be enough to make 1 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls after it is peeled and diced.

For utensils you will need one jelly mould—if Mother hasn't a regular jelly mould a round dish, deep enough to hold three cupfuls will do nicely—a

By CLARA INGRAM JUDSON  
Author of "Cooking Without Mother's Help," "Junior Cook Book," "Sewing Without Mother's Help," "Jean and Jerry, Detectives," etc.

saucepan for heating water, a measuring cup, a wire strainer, a tablespoon, a mixing bowl, a knife and squeezer for the

lemons. Then you will be all ready to begin.

Just at that minute, one cook interrupts to say, "My little brother likes gelatine very, very well and he will want two dishfuls. Please be sure to make enough for him."

Dear me! How are we going to know? And of course we want plenty for people who like our cooking so well they want a second serving. We like to be popular!

This is what we can do. You count up your family and we'll count ours and see how many servings you will want. Our recipe will make at least five. If you want eight or ten, take exactly twice as much of everything and you will have plenty. Gelatine keeps so nicely and is so good for school lunches or for tea, that it is better to have a little left over than to run short. Aren't we glad we thought to count?

Now—hands clean? Aprons on? Here we go!

## LEMON JELLY

Dissolve 1 tablespoonful of granulated gelatine in  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of cold water.

Let it stand for 20 minutes. This is a good time to write in your notebook.

Bring one cupful of water to a boil and pour over the soaked gelatine.

Stir till well dissolved and strain through the wire strainer.

Add  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of sugar and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupful lemon juice. To get lemon juice, roll the lemons, cut in half and squeeze out the juice into a cup.

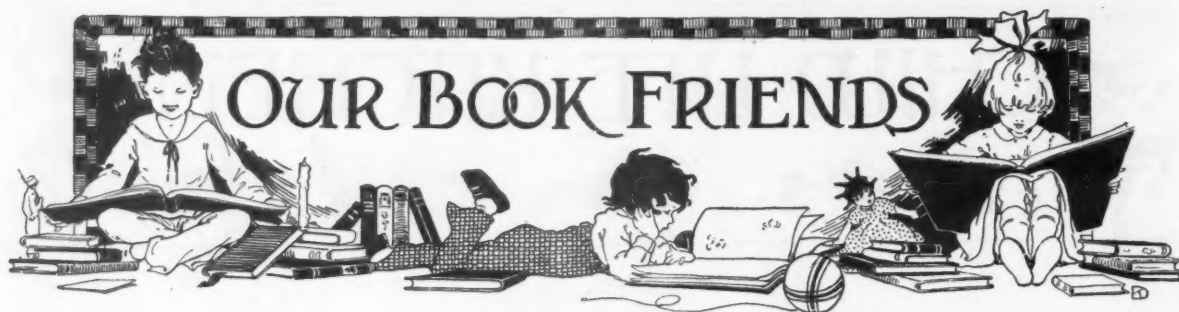
Stir gently and pour into the jelly mould.

Set in a cool place and when cold, cover tightly and chill. This will have to stand at least four hours before serving. It may stand over night.

## FRUIT GELATINE

Use the Lemon Jelly recipe exactly until the gelatine is in the mould ready to cool. While the gelatine is cooling, peel and dice enough fresh fruit to make 1 and  $\frac{1}{2}$  cupfuls. For this use peaches.





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library  
Present Librarian, Alexander Hamilton Junior High School, Long Beach, California

EVERYONE knows that Halloween is a night of enchantment and he who does not celebrate in some way must be very old indeed. The night has been kept for a very long time, and the farther back we go the more seriously we find that people observed the customs of Halloween.

For a long time cats were dreaded by people because they thought human beings had been changed to that form by evil means. If we are to judge from books—even from such a few instances as the Cheshire Cat who always vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest had gone—(*Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*), from Lear's *The Owl and the Pussy Cat*, or from *The Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife*—certainly we must admit that there are occasions when cats behave very strangely indeed. Kipling's tale, *The Cat That Walked by Himself*, in *Just So Stories*, suggests that the cat has always been much the same. "The Cat will kill mice and he will be kind to babies when he is in the house, just as long as they do not pull his tail too hard. But when he has done that, and between times, and when the moon gets up and night comes, he is the Cat that walks by himself, and all places are alike to him. Then he goes out to the Wet Wild Woods or up the Wet Wild Trees or on the Wet Wild Roofs waving his wild tail and walking by his wild lone."

The custom of making tests to learn the future comes from olden times. Perhaps it will surprise you to hear that the old-world pagans, the Celts, and the Scotch, believed in the Halloween practices which they performed. What we do just for fun they did in earnest and they expected results from the spells that they cast.

"Cabbage stumps—straws wet with dew—  
Apple skins, and chestnuts too,  
And a mirror for some lass  
Show what wonders come to pass."

—Joel Benton

Tests were very often tried blindfold, with things thrown into the fire, or after dark when a witch or a ghost might pass, when one could hear the owl's lone cry or the wind among the trees. Stevenson's *The Shadow March*, Walter de la Mare's *Down-A-Down-Derry*, Rose Fyleman's *Fairies and Chimneys*, Norman Schlichter's *Fancy's Hour*, are delightful and unsettling on such a night as Halloween. In them, too, is the sense of fairy music and the suggestion that there are throngs of spirits, fairies and goblins who troop out for revels in the country. Seumas MacManus' *Billy Beg and His Bull*, Mrs. Ewings' *Murdock's Rath*, and a Cornish legend, *Twinkling Feet's Halloween*, about a fairy who lost his laugh, are stories to tell on the Eve

of Halloween. Two excellent plays for this time may be found in *One Act Plays for Young Folks* edited by M. A. Jagendorf.

So sure am I that you will enjoy these books and understand the mystery and charm in them that I shall only point my finger and say,

"An' the Gobble-uns'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!"

### BEWITCHING TALES

- Adventures of a Brownie* - - - - - Dinah M. Craik  
RAND, McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Black Cats and the Tinker's Wife* - Mary and Margaret Baker  
DUFFIELD AND COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Book of Elves and Fairies* - - - - - Frances Jenkins Olcott  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Book of Halloween* - - - - - Ruth E. Kelley  
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON
- Book of Holidays* - - - - - J. Walker McSpadden  
T. Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Boy Apprenticed to An Enchanter* - - - - - Padraic Colum  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Broom Fairies* - - - - - Ethel M. Gate  
SILVER BURDETT & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Brownie Books* - - - - - Palmer Cox  
CENTURY COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Davy and the Goblin* - - - - - Charles Edward Carryl  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Days and Deeds: Poetry* - - - - - Burion Stevenson  
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, GARDEN CITY, N. Y.
- Down-A-Down-Derry* - - - - - Walter de La Mare  
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Fairies and Chimneys* - - - - - Rose Fyleman  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Fancy's Hour* - - - - - Norman C. Schlichter  
JOHN C. WINSTON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
- For Days and Days* - - - - - Annette Wynne  
FREDERICK A. STOKES, NEW YORK
- Good Stories for Great Holidays* - - - - - Frances Jenkins Olcott  
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Happy Holidays* - - - - - Frances G. Wickes  
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, CHICAGO
- Host of Children* - - - - - James Whitcomb Riley  
BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS
- In Chimney Corners* - - - - - Seumas MacManus  
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- Moonshine and Clover* - - - - - Laurence Housman  
HARCOURT BRACE & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls* - - - - - Elva S. Smith  
LOTHROP, LEE AND SHEPARD COMPANY, BOSTON
- One Act Plays for Boys and Girls* - - - - - M. A. Jagendorf  
BRENTANO'S, NEW YORK
- Peep-Show Man* - - - - - Padraic Colum  
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK
- Red Fairy Book* - - - - - Andrew Lang  
DAVID MCKAY, PHILADELPHIA
- Tales Told by Pixy Pool* - - - - - Helen Douglas Adam  
G. F. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK
- Topaz Story Book* - - - - - Ada M. and Eleanor I. Skinner  
DUFFIELD & COMPANY, NEW YORK
- What Shall We Play* - - - - - Edna Geister  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY, NEW YORK

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Here's the most comfortable, healthful and economical sleeping garment for children

IT IS made of the new Bi-Knit fabric—a knitted combination of virgin cotton and wool which can't scratch, irritate or chafe the tender skin. By keeping the skin dry and avoiding chills, it protects against cold and croup.

It is properly sized, carefully made and neatly finished. Laundered—sanitary and ready to wear when purchased.

The fabric is thoroughly pre-shrunk *before* the garments are made; thus insuring a *permanently* comfortable fit; only ordinary care is required in washing.

Non-breakable rubber buttons, double soles in feet, strong smooth seams. Children outgrow "M" Sleeping Garments, but do not outwear them.

Ask for them at your Dry Goods store. If they haven't them, send their name and your order direct to us. Prices—for sizes 6 mo., 1 yr., 2 yr., \$1.20; 3, 4 and 5 yr., \$1.50; 6, 7 and 8 yr., \$1.75; 9, 10 and 12 yr., \$2.10.

Minneapolis Knitting Works  
Minneapolis, Minn.



**Bi-Knit**  
(*Can't Scratch*)

**Sleeping Garments**

**Cotton inside**  
- for comfort  
**Wool outside**  
- for warmth





# THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

## RAG DOLL WINS BY A NOSE

Nonosia Noodlegoogle has changed her name. You have seen her often, haven't you. She's the red-eared rag doll who lost her brass button nose at a bargain counter war, in which she was defeated in a wild effort to buy a rag remnant with which to stuff her much too wobbly neck.

Now, any rag doll less fussy than Nonosia would have had a new button sewed on immediately; but Nonosia has been searching for a particular kind of glass button with the right number of holes in it, through which to breathe the Toytown air.

On Wednesday of last week the button was found; on Thursday it was sewed on; on Friday Nonosia changed her name triumphantly to *Newnosia*, and made a resolution never again to go near a bargain counter.

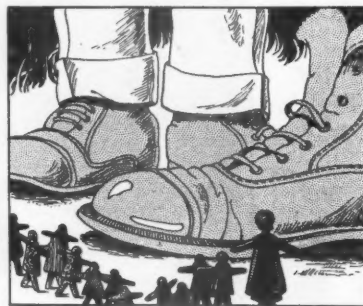
## CANDY FAMILY LIVES IN SHOE

Of course, you know all about the old woman who lived in a shoe and who had so many children that she didn't know which one to spank, or something like that. Anyhow, there exists a similar situation on the outskirts of Toytown. Did your dolly ever tell you about the old shoe fastened to the ground with rubber bands and clothespins, and placed about forty-five hairpin lengths from the Teddy Bear Gum Chewing Club? We wonder, however, if your dolly or you know that a real candy family lives in that shoe. Would you like to hear about them?

Our reporter sharpened both his pencils yesterday and set out to visit the shoe dwellers. Arriving at last, he walked around and around, looking for the front door, or rear door, or pompadour, or any kind of entrance at which he might knock. Of course there are many polite people who go into their shoes without knocking on them

first; but when a whole family lives in one of them, it's a different matter. The reporter circled the shoe thirty-one times; and on the verge of the thirty-second he gave up his search for a door, and rapped on the toe with his pencil. Immediately a great commotion was heard inside, and stifled cries of "Company! Company!" came from within.

"Good morning!" suddenly squeaked a tiny voice behind the



reporter. Whirling around, he saw a liquorice lady two inches high standing in the grass below.

"Did you come from somewhere, or did you just grow there?" gasped the reporter.

"I came from inside the shoe," smiled Mrs. Liquorice, bending her gummy neck and smiling sweetly from ear to ear—the same ear—her mouth making a round trip. "You see, there's a hole in the bottom of our shoe, and we have a hand-painted tunnel under the grass from the hole to daylight. We could never jump over the top, you know, like my jellybean uncle, who lives in a slipper."

"Your life is sweetened with many little liquorice children, I have heard," beamed the reporter.

"Yes, yes, yes!" said Mrs. Liquorice. "But you see, they all look exactly alike, having come from the same corner of the same counter of the same candy store on the same day in the same bag. I really can't tell which is which, so I call them all Bill. It's really a great

convenience, you know, for when all twenty-eight of them are out playing and bedtime arrives, I have only one name to call instead of twenty-eight. Won't you come in?"

"I doubt whether it's possible!" laughed the reporter. "What size is your shoe?"

"It's a ten-A," replied Mrs. Liquorice.

"Oh, well; thanks just the same, but it's out of the question. I wear a number eleven-B, you see!"

"I'll have Bill come out, then!" smiled the little old lady. "Bill!" she called, upon which the twenty-eight liquorice children filed out through the tunnel, and bowed politely to the gentleman.

"A wonderful family!" congratulated the reporter. "But tell me, why do you choose to live in a shoe?"

"Well, it's mainly on account of the high rents in stockings; isn't it, Bill?"

"Yes, ma'am!" answered the twenty-eight politely. The old shoe itself, however, wasn't quite so polite; for when the reporter turned to go he caught it with its tongue out, and Mrs. Liquorice was blushing a black liquorice blush over the fact, as she and Bill formed a long parade going back into their queer little patent leather house.

## VACATION NOTES

Mrs. Miowlia Van Kittypuss and her black plush granddaughter, Miss Pinkypawsia Purrrpurrr, have spent a delightful vacation and much money at Bow Wow Beach, where they own an inverted grocery box surrounded by an attractive caterwaul. The cottage is the only one on the beach furnished with hot and cold running milk and dog-proof doors.

Captain Dentmeenot, the well-known tin soldier, and Mrs. Dentmeenot are cruising up the Soapy-suddy River in a sardine can. They expect to be back in time to start all over again next summer.



## Betty Smack and Her Doll That Changes Faces

### Mothers

The best Toy Shops and Department Stores in your city can show you the Famlee Doll, or get it for you, in sets of three or more characters. Each set packed in an attractive box, complete with changeable faces and costumes. Ask to see this new kind of doll—and new kind of doll amusement.

The five-character set which Betty Smack is having so much fun with (described at the right) is No. 517. The price is \$8.50. Set No. 325 has three characters (the first three as described in Betty Smack's set) and the price is \$5.00. If you don't find the Famlee Doll at your local stores, send us the price and either of these sets will be sent to you prepaid on approval for five days examination—if you are not in every way fully satisfied, simply return the set and your money will immediately be refunded.

Or send for the Doll-alogue—illustrating and describing all the various Famlee sets.

**B**ETTY SMACK lives in Clinton, Illinois. Last Christmas Santa Claus brought her a new kind of doll. And ever since Betty and her playmates have been having heaps of fun.

This doll changes faces—and changes costumes; changes into an entirely different dollie whenever Betty wants it to. It's called the Famlee Doll—because it's a whole family of dolls, all from one. It talks, walks, and is unbreakable, 16 inches in height.

Betty's family includes Little-Miss-Sweet-Face, the living image of a pretty little American girl with real American-girl clothes. And a Dimpled-Baby Doll with a dainty costume and bonnet to match. Then a lovely Nurse with a Nurse's uniform. And a Japanese Boy with his quaint costume. And a Navy Commander with his white sateen and gold-braided uniform.

When Betty wants to change her Famlee Dollie into "someone else," she just takes one face off and puts another one on—and changes the costume to match the face. Instead of only one doll, Betty really has five—and she says it's five times as much fun.

### Tell Santa Claus To Bring You A Famlee Doll for Christmas

Be sure to tell Mother to tell Santa Claus to bring you a Famlee Doll set for Christmas—then you can have as much fun as Betty Smack and thousands other little girls are having.

There are Famlee Doll sets with changeable faces and costumes to make three characters, five characters, and seven and twelve characters. Three to twelve different dolls, just by changing faces and costumes.

### Berwick Doll Company

Makers of the Famlee Doll

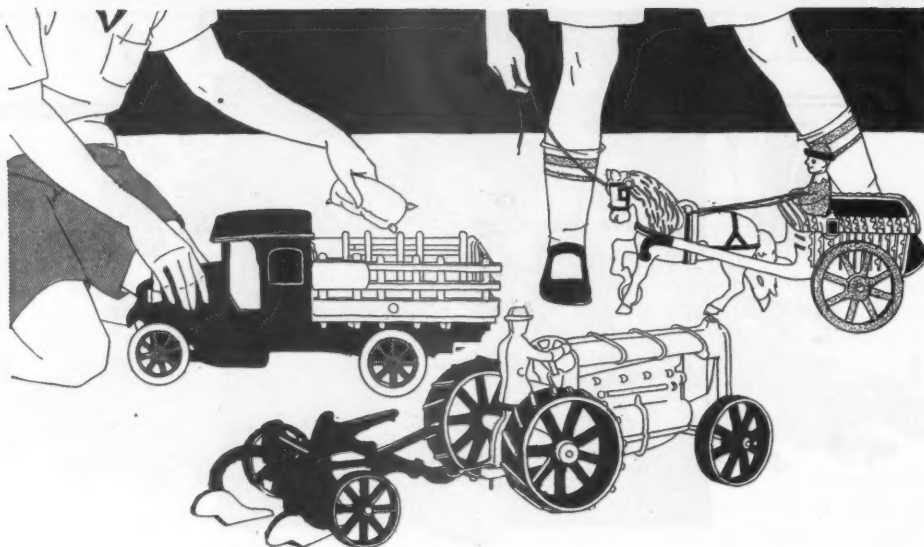
Dept. 18, 482 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## The Famlee Doll

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A Whole Family of Dolls in One  
A Brand New and Patented Idea





## *Let's play . . . farming*

WE'LL play that green carpet's a meadow, and I'll take the Fordson tractor and the Oliver plow and plow it. We'll send Chester Gump down to the village in his pony cart, shall we?—and you can load the Red Baby Truck with some blocks—we'll pretend they're hay or something.

Toyland, playland, let's pretend. Have you forgotten those rainy autumn days spent wondering what to do, when just a little something, added to a vivid imagination, would have filled the hours with busy happiness?

Give your youngster a set of Arcade cast iron toys. They look real—just like the big things they're named for. Get several that can be combined in a long game, like the tractor and plow, Chester Gump and the truck. Not only will you give your child a world of happiness, but

also you can be free to spend your time as duty or pleasure calls.

You'll find these delightful Arcade toys—and they're very moderately priced—in almost any toy or department store and in many railroad stations. You can tell them by their sturdy construction and fine finish. But just to make sure—look for the name Arcade stamped on the bottom.

If your local dealer cannot supply you, write us for information as to where Arcade toys may be obtained. Arcade Manufacturing Company, Freeport, Illinois.

# ARCADE TOYS



# MORE ADVENTURES OF TOM TRIPP

WHAT HAS HAPPENED IN  
PARTS I, II, III AND IV:

By MOLLY WINSTON PEARSON

Tom Tripp, a child star in the movies, while on a visit to his Grandpa Kearns' ranch, spends most of his time with Dolf and Marty Smith, two little country boys who have come to stay with him, at the ranch, and all play at acting in the moving pictures. Tom Tripp tires of this and longs for real adventures. So when Grandpa Kearns and Pa Smith take a truckload of peppermint to the city of Barkerstown, Tom, Dolf and Marty stow away in the truck and start on their secret quest for adventures. They shut

Wattie, the dog, up in the barn at home, but he breaks loose and follows. Just before reaching the city, the boys grab the branch of a tree, hang on and let the truck go on without them. The branch breaks, and they, with the dog Wattie, all roll down a steep bank into a garden. Its owner, a friendly young man, joins them and is given the title of King Arthur. All march to Gloriana Park, seeking adventures like the knights of olden times. Tom Tripp, while helping a fair lady in distress, is arrested on the charge of stealing his own dog, Wattie. King Arthur secures Tom's release, and the whole party enjoys a fine picnic-spread. Later Marty, when he tries to help a fair lady in distress by offering to take her little dog for a walk, is told rather crossly to keep away or she will call the police. He wanders off to enjoy a baseball game by himself, not realizing that the dog is following him. The lady tries to have Marty arrested and Tom Tripp comes to his rescue.



## PART V

**T**HE next moment both Tom and Marty ran into the arms of King Arthur, who quickly assured the park policeman and the lady with the little black dog that Tom Tripp and Marty Smith were his friends and guests, and that they did not take away dogs. It seemed he had to explain and explain, but at last they were convinced and departed, the policeman grinning, but the lady with the little black dog frowning and grumbling till the last.

King Arthur sat down hard on a park bench nearby and mopped his red face. "Phew!" he exclaimed. "You fellows manage to get into more scrapes to the minute!"

"Say," Tom spluttered, "a fella's got to look after his pal, doesn't he, cop or no cop?"

"You darling! Of course, he does," laughed Trixie Lou. "You are all right, Tom, and I'm mighty glad I've got a jolly good pal like you. But I must run along back to school now. I've a class in water color. So long, everybody."

"Wait a minute, Trixie Lou!" King Arthur said. "I'm going along over to the school with you. I must phone Captain Sid and see if I can locate Tom Tripp's grandfather before these boys get into any more scimmages."

"Aw, King Arthur, have a heart!" burst from Tom Tripp. "We'll be careful. It's early yet."

But King Arthur was firm. He took Tom by one ear and marched him over to the nearest park bench under a shady tree and made him sit down. When Dolf and Marty Smith had been

placed beside Tom, King Arthur shook a stern finger at the three, though he couldn't quite keep the twinkle out of his eyes.

"Now, you chaps, sit there till I come back, do you hear?" he said warningly. "I won't be gone long. There'll still be time for an adventure or two when I get back. I just want to make sure Tom's Grandpa doesn't go home with the truck before we get in touch with him. Remember, you're not to go away from here, and you're to keep out of scrapes for at least ten minutes. Think you can do it?"

Tom Tripp sprang up on the back of the park

bench, caught a low branch, and swung himself up into the tree. His bright, mischievous face twinkled out from among the tree's thick leafage.

"All right, Your Royal Highness," he answered King Arthur, "We'll do our best, but we don't go after trouble, you know; it takes after us, with cops all around calling us dog-stealers and everything."

King Arthur and Trixie Lou departed laughing. Dolf and Marty Smith, very much subdued, remained sitting obediently on the park bench with Wattie beside them. But Tom Tripp went on climbing higher and higher up into the tree. At length, he perched on a branch pretty close to the top.

"Hey, there, you fellas down below!" he sang out to Dolf and Marty. "It's great up here. I can see ever'n ever so far. I know what—I'll be our knight-scout; no, I'm the lookout up on the mast of our ship. I'll keep sharp watch for any trouble that's heading this way—any cops that might want to arrest us for taking Wattie or something. When I give the signal you fellas better shinny up this tree as fast as you can!"

For several minutes nothing happened. Tom leaned against the trunk of the tree and crossed his legs on the lookout branch at his ease. Dolf and Marty were busy watching people and motors going by in perpetual parade. Suddenly Tom Tripp's voice began to shout excitedly from above:

"Kids, some fellas are helping themselves to a ride in a lady's automobile over there—a big blue limousine! She went into the museum and didn't lock her machine. Three boys sneaked out from behind a bush, jumped into the car, and they're starting her up now!" Tom fairly shrieked. "Run after 'em, Dolf, quick! Don't let 'em get away with that lady's automobile!"

Dolf jumped up and spun around twice, too dazed to know what to do next.

"There they are!" cried Tom Tripp, preparing to

descend from his perch in the tree. "They're just going over the bridge now. You can't miss 'em. Run after 'em and stop 'em, Dolf. I'll be with you in a jiff, soon's I can get down out of here. No, Mart, don't you go, too. You stay there in case

King Arthur gets back. You can tell him Dolf and I just had to help this lady in distress, so we couldn't wait."

Dolf was off like a blue streak after the big blue limousine. Across the bridge he dashed, yelling like a Comanche Indian, "Hi, there! Stop that machine!"

The big blue limousine kept on its way, but the boys in it began to crane their heads out of the two sides to see what all the fuss behind them was about. It was lucky that they turned off into a little used side road after crossing the bridge, or there would surely have been a collision with something or other. Dolf began to gain on the big car; he was run-

ning at top speed, still shrieking, "Stop that machine! I say, stop there!"

It was too much for the boy driving the car. A good deal rattled, he ran up against a soft bank at the side of the road, but he managed to stop the car in time before it could overturn. He leaped out and began running back along the road, doubling his fists as he ran. He was a fat boy of about ten, with a round red face.

"I'll lick you," he yelled fiercely at Dolf Smith. "What you take after us for, hollerin' as though we were stealing this car?"

"Well, so you were!" stammered Dolf, falling back with dismay at this unexpected onslaught.

"Yes, I was," the fat boy exploded, his red face growing purple with wrath. "That's my aunt's car, and we were just playing a trick on her just for fun. But I'll teach you to mind your own business, you red-headed meddler." And he doubled up his fists.

"All right," said the cheerful voice of Tom Tripp



behind Dolf, "you can teach Dolf and me and my dog Wattie here, if you want!"

It was the fat boy's turn to fall back. He gazed at Wattie panting and wagging his tail amiably at Tom Tripp's side.

"Say, who are you, anyhow?" he demanded. "Never saw you or that dog around this town before."

"Oh, we just dropped from the sky," said Tom Tripp, his black eyes dancing with fun. "We haven't got any names. We're King Arthur's men, out seeking adventures to-day."

"Huh!" grunted the fat boy. "You can't kid us with that stuff."

"Honest! I'm not kidding!" Tom declared. "We are Knights of the Golden Pansy, and we really have got a King Arthur, and a Round Table, and everything."

"Pooh, that's nothing," interrupted one of the fat boy's friends. "We're the Blue Jays of Barkerstown. That's our club. His name's Jerry Mason," pointing to the fat boy; "this fella here's called Jed Stone, and I'm Joe Johnson. The three J's, you see—the Blue Jays of Barkerstown."

Tom Tripp was greatly interested, and his mind began to work with its usual lightning speed. There was no law against Pansy Knights and Blue Jays becoming friends, was there? Tom turned around and pointed.

"Say, fellas," he proposed, "see that big tree over there on the other side of the bridge? Well, King Arthur told us to hang around there till he came back. So Dolf and I have to get there before he does. But after Jerry Mason takes his aunt's car back to the museum, you all come on over to our tree and we'll talk."

"Now you're shouting!" cried the boy, Joe Johnson. "We'll be there!"

The big blue limousine overtook Tom Tripp and Dolf racing along across the bridge. It stopped.

"Give you a lift," offered Jerry Mason, politely.

But Tom Tripp, looking ahead, could see someone

in front of the museum who was gesticulating excitedly to a park policeman. It was the lady who owned the blue limousine.

"No, thank you," Tom said hastily to the fat boy. "Knights looking for adventures have to walk." But to Dolf he explained, "That cop would have nabbed us sure this time for running off with the lady's car, no matter what we said."

A few minutes later the fat boy and his friends escaped from his aunt's scolding and made for the big tree. Soon all six boys were sitting in a circle on the grass, exchanging confidences and getting acquainted. The Blue Jays weren't bad fellows at all, Tom Tripp decided. He meant to see King

Arthur about taking them in as Knights of the Golden Pansy. Meantime they were discussing the park zoo.

"It's pretty good," said Tom Tripp condescendingly. "Funny, though, it hasn't got any elephant in it."

"Yes, it has," the others shouted in unison.

"We didn't see any," said Dolf Smith.

"Oh, well, maybe she was out taking exercise or something," Joe Johnson said.

"We got Mahala, and she's

a pretty good old elephant, I tell you."

"Funny," commented Tom Tripp, chewing a blade of grass thoughtfully, "but I used to know an elephant named Mahala. I rode on her once in a picture called 'The Rajah'."

"Yes, you did!" scoffed Jerry Mason. "What you givin' us anyhow? Think we're easy to stuff, don't you?"

There was a whoop from the other boys. "Here comes Mahala now! 'Spose they had her out in some kind of parade, and we missed it."

"What'll you bet Mahala doesn't remember me?" cried Tom Tripp, jumping up. "I'll sit over there by the side of the road where she'll surely see me. Yes, there's her keeper—I know him." Tom made a megaphone of his hands. "Hello, Yoomy!" he squealed.

Down the parkway lumbered the great elephant, her trunk in the air, her little eyes twinkling with delight. Straight on towards Tom Tripp she came, trumpeting loudly. The little group of boys, crowding in behind Tom, shrank back, tumbling over each other in mad haste to get away from the great oncoming beast. All except Dolf Smith—he stood his ground, seized Tom Tripp by his shoulders, and tried to drag him out of the path of the elephant.

But Tom Tripp shook Dolf off and ran out to







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#### Shaft-Pierce Shoe Co.

534 Third Ave. Faribault, Minn.

SPECIALISTS IN CHILDREN'S GOOD SHOES SINCE 1892

**Acrobats Keep Children's Feet as Nature Made Them**

meet the elephant, waving his arms and shouting:

"Hail, great Mahala, royal leader of the jungle!"

And Mahala wrapped her trunk around dusty, ragged little Tom Tripp, fondling him and showing her joy at seeing him again, for elephants have wonderful memories. They never forget a friend.

"Up high, Mahala!" cried Tom holding out his arms, and the long trunk swung him around and up to the elephant's head. Tom Tripp grasped a strap of her leather head-piece, scrambled up and sat down. Away through the park tramped Mahala, proudly carrying Tom, and wondering probably why the band didn't strike up and play for their act.

Yoomy, Mahala's keeper, ran alongside to guide her, and close by him trotted Dolf and Marty Smith and the three Blue Jays, all basking in the reflection of Tom Tripp's glory. Quite a big crowd gathered and followed Mahala; people even turned their motor cars and joined the procession, curious to see what it was all about. Before long there was a blockade of the traffic. Yoomy guided Mahala away to the side, and there they waited. At that moment three men burst from the crowd. One of the men was King Arthur, frowning and anxious because he had not found the three boys under the big tree when he finally got back there. As for the other two men, they clutched each other in amazement, their eyes nearly popping out of their heads. They were Grandpa Kearns and Pa Smith.

"Bless my soul, Smith!" cried Grandpa Kearns, "is that my grandson up there riding that elephant?"

But there was no answer. Pa Smith had caught sight of Dolf and Marty in the crowd, each with a hand on Wattie's collar, and he plunged headlong after them.

Tom Tripp's big black eyes, beaming on everybody, took in everything. His jolly voice floated down from his dizzy perch, "Here I am, Grandpa! Mahala's an old friend of mine. She's taking care of me. And down there is my old friend, King Arthur. He takes care of me, too, and makes the cops let me go when I'm pinched."

King Arthur and Grandpa Kearns caught sight of each other for the first time. While they were

shaking hands, up came Pa Smith and Dolf and Marty, with Wattie yelping joyously between them. Joe, Jed and Jerry were not far behind. They all stood close together and gazed open-mouthed up at Tom Tripp.

"Down, Mahala!" commanded Tom, and the elephant's long trunk wound around his small body again and set him gently down on the ground. Then Yoomy led "the royal leader of the jungle" away to her quarters at the zoo.

"Tom," said Grandpa Kearns, "and you, too, Dolf and Marty! What are you boys doing here?"

"Don't you blame Dolf and Marty, Grandpa!" Tom flared out loyally. "It isn't their fault. Dolf begged to ask you if we could go along with you."

"Good for Dolf! But you, Tom—I trusted you—"

Tom Tripp hung his head. "Honest, Grandpa, I didn't think you'd really mind. I was just pretending you would, to make it more exciting. I thought you'd see that we were playing a game—that we were being knights to-day, and—"

"Well, thanks to my good friend, Mr. Lee here, you're safe and sound, so all's well that ends well," said Grandpa Kearns, beaming at King Arthur.

Tom Tripp recovered his spirits at one bound and turned the attention of the company to his new friends, the Blue Jays of Barkers-town. "See, King Arthur, we found Jerry, Jed, and Joe here, and they want to be knights, too. Grandpa, can't we take King Arthur and the Blue Jays with us to the ranch, so we can play being knights out there?"

"Only too happy to have them all come," Grandpa Kearns agreed heartily. "You'll come, Mr. Lee, won't you?"

"Come on, say 'yes,' King Arthur," coaxed Tom Tripp. "We won't have to help any fair ladies in distress on the ranch, because there aren't any. But we can have the grandest tournaments every day."

"Indeed, I'll be glad to come," King Arthur consented, "and I'll bring these Barkers-town young gentlemen with me, if their parents are willing." And he shook hands with Grandpa Kearns.

"Hoo-ray!" cheered Tom Tripp, Dolf and Marty Smith, Jerry, Jed, and Joe, as one boy.

THE END



## Mothers know it is wholesome food — *but the children regard it as a special treat*

**A**N amusing little hoax which mothers play upon their children—this satisfying the craving for too sweet cakes and candies with healthful Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. All children adore Beech-Nut. They eat it with that hearty enjoyment which makes a wholesome food doubly valuable.

And it certainly is pleasanter to give youngsters the foods they enjoy. So keep your jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter handy. It wakes the desire to eat in the child whose appetite is delicate; it satisfies the lively appetite of the more robust young one.

### Why children like Beech-Nut

BEECH-NUT PEANUT BUTTER is a careful blend of selected varieties of peanuts. All full, plump peanuts from the sunny southlands. Finely flavored peanuts. Blended by experts and roasted by experts into more exquisite flavor. And finally crushed into the smooth, creamy lusciousness which is Beech-Nut Peanut Butter.

### Why mothers like Beech-Nut

EVERYONE knows how highly peanuts are regarded as food. In no other form are they found so pure and so delicious as in Beech-Nut Peanut Butter. And the fine, even crushing of the peanuts—in *this* peanut butter—has made them very easy to digest.

There is never any doubt of the purity of any Beech-Nut food. Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is made in our ideal plant at Canajoharie, N. Y.—our famous modern plant—in the pure and healthful air of the Valley of the Mohawk. We only wish that every mother who gives her children Beech-Nut foods could find time to visit us here.

Spread Beech-Nut Peanut Butter on bread. And also add it to other homely foods. It dresses them up and makes the youngsters eager for them. Keep it on hand. Sealed air-tight, in sparkling glass jars. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N. Y.

# Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

Bacon  
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Jams and Jellies  
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CONFECTIONS  
Mints · Candy Drops  
Fruit Drops  
Chewing Gum



# The Most Attractive Child I Ever Met

By George Bond



I HAD stopped off on my way East to visit an old classmate of mine who lived on a ranch twenty miles from nowhere and whom I had not seen in ten years. When we arrived at his home his little boy of eight came dashing up on his pony to meet us, and while my friend drove the car around to the garage his young son, having hitched his horse, showed me to my room. I was at once impressed by his courtesy and attractive manners, at which I marveled in one brought up so far in the wilds.

But my surprise grew into wonder at dinner, and as my stay was prolonged, for, though what I first noticed was manners, it was the little fellow's unusual education that later amazed me. He displayed such an interest in the miscellaneous table talk and such remarkable knowledge of people, business, pictures, history, literature, etc., that my admiration continued to grow by leaps and bounds. After dinner he took a book and curled up in a chair to himself where most boys would have worried their mothers to tell or read them a story.

"JIM," I said to his father, when the boy had gone to bed, "I never met a child like Ted before, and the remarkable thing about him is that with all his knowledge, he is 100 per cent real boy. Where did he get his training, anyway?"

"From a school in Baltimore," he replied with a smile of pride. "His behavior, his three R's, his general information, we owe all to that school."

"When did you live in Baltimore?" I asked.

"I have never been to Baltimore," he answered.

"You don't mean to say you sent a boy of his age away to boarding school?"

"Oh, no!" said he. "When Ted reached the age of four, we became desperate. Neither my wife nor I knew anything about bringing up a child, and though we felt our responsibility keenly, we did not know what to do. Ted was meanwhile developing traits and tendencies that began to alarm us. His education meant more to us than anything else in the world, but it seemed that if we stayed here without a school there could be no education. And if we left the ranch there would be no money for his education."

"Thus we were between the two horns of a dilemma. Then one day we heard accidentally that the Calvert School in Baltimore was training and teaching children from four to twelve years right in their own homes, no matter where they live, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners at the age of four, proceeding with the teaching of reading and writing and so carrying its pupils on until when they finally do go to school they enter a year or more

ahead of most other children their age."

"I didn't know that such a school existed," I frankly confessed.

"Come, let me show you his school-room," he said, and taking me upstairs into the boy's playroom he pointed out the corner set aside for the purpose of a school—with its little desk and a chair and shelf of books, one or two of which I opened.

"What attractive books!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know schoolbooks were ever made so. They weren't in my day."

He showed me the daily lesson sheets of instructions, so clear that anyone could follow them, and so enlightening that even with a random glance I learned things that brought forth the exclamation, "Well, I never knew that before!" Then I examined Ted's stories about his pony and life on the ranch, and his compositions, illustrated with pictures on art, history, mythology, science, together with his reports and certificate.



I COMPARED the work mentally with that of my own little girl in the East whom, at a financial sacrifice, I was sending to the best day school I knew of—and a jealous and even angry feeling swept over me that my friend's son, 1000 miles from a good school, should be so much better trained.

"But who does the actual teaching?" I asked.

"His nurse at first gave him his lessons, but after a while my wife became so interested that she considered it a pleasure and a privilege to do that part herself. She found it brought new interest and delight into her own life, and I venture to say it takes no more of her time than that which your wife spends in hearing your little girl's lessons, which you are paying others to teach."

"The Calvert School was started and is maintained by a group of leading citizens of Baltimore who seek no financial benefits, but who wanted the best the educational world afforded for their own children. And they are broad-minded enough to wish to make similar advantages available to all English-speaking children. The Calvert School faculty is constantly trying out new devices, books, schemes, plans and methods and they adopt and incorporate into their course any improvement that stands the test."

"You'll be surprised to know there are Calvert pupils in every state and twenty-two foreign countries, and a great many schools are using Calvert methods, though many claim to be using the Calvert System who are not entitled to."

Inspired by my friend's enthusiasm, I borrowed a post card, sat down at once and wrote the Calvert School, asking for full information.

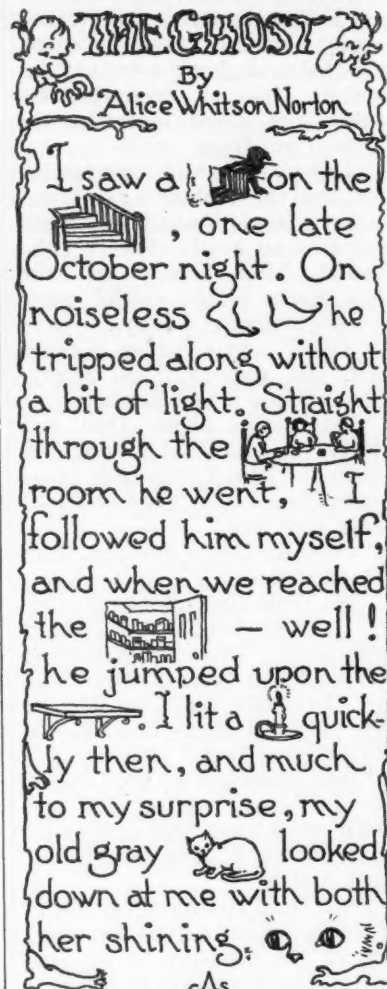
When I reached home the information I sought was awaiting me, and I at once secured the Calvert instruction for Mary.

WHY not find out what the Calvert School can do for your child? This school, established over 28 years ago to specialize in the teaching of children, conducts a great day school in Baltimore and is also successfully teaching by correspondence thousands of pupils scattered over the entire face of the globe. It furnishes all books, materials, lessons, and guides and supervises the work. V. M. Hillyer, Headmaster. Author of "Child Training," "A Child's History of the World," etc. Write for information to

CALVERT SCHOOL  
19 West 40th Street Baltimore, Md.



Calvert School's New Building



## THE PUZZLING PUMPKIN

By Roberta Symmes

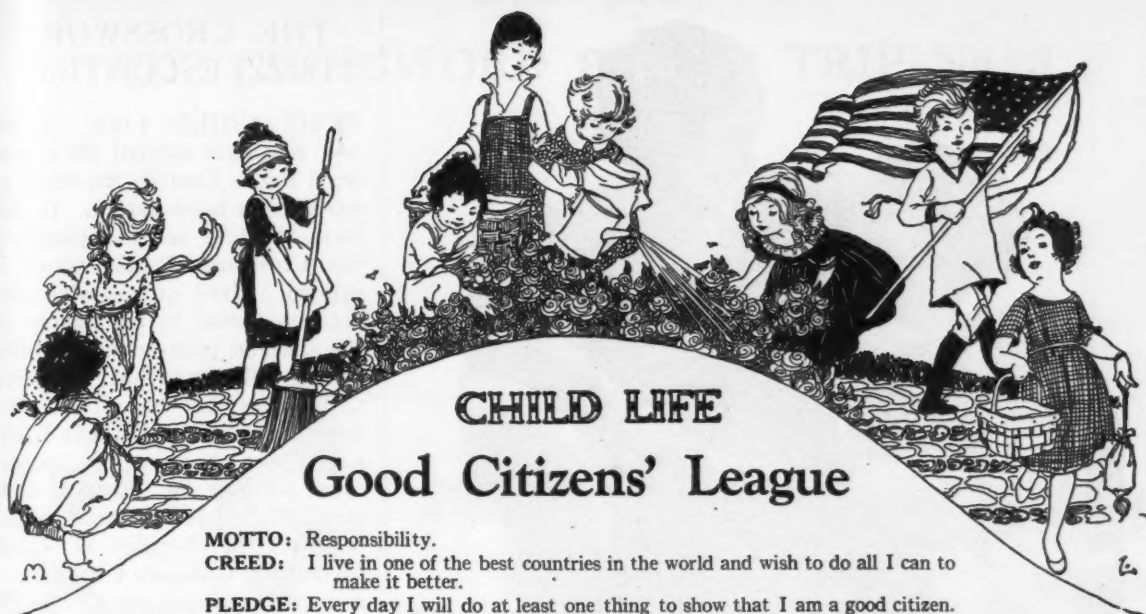
This is the way the pumpkin looked,  
Jolly fellow, -round and yellow!  
This is the way the pumpkin looked  
Out in the garden green.



This is the way the pumpkin looked,  
Spooky, -very, big and scary,  
This is the way the pumpkin looked  
At jolly Halloween.







## CHILD LIFE

### Good Citizens' League

**MOTTO:** Responsibility.

**CREED:** I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

**PLEDGE:** Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

#### The School

The Brocton Good Citizens' League was holding its first October meeting. They had been thinking about school a great deal during the last few weeks, and they had decided to make "The School" their subject for October. Miss Bradley, the counselor, had been telling them that the teacher was paid by the city to help them become good citizens, that the janitor was employed to keep the building clean and neat for them, that the schoolhouse was built for their use and that it was for their benefit that every one of the rules were made.

"Gee," said Bill, "I think it's up to our club to do something for our school. If it's the teacher's job to help us become good citizens, we ought to prove that we really are good citizens by showing that we appreciate the school."

"You can do that by studying hard and by doing your work quietly so that the other pupils will not be disturbed," said Miss Bradley.

"Yes, and by being nice to the new pupils and helping them get acquainted," added Elizabeth.

"Most specially the boys and girls who have just come to this country," put in Miriam. "Don't you remember last year how they loved the Americanization party that we had for them?"

"I think we should do that again

this year," said Bill, "but that sort of thing wasn't exactly what I meant. I wish we could give our room a phonograph or make it more beautiful in some way."

Elizabeth began jumping up and down in her excitement. "Oh, Miss Bradley, I know what we can do to make our room more beautiful. We can have a school garden."

"Not before next spring," the others objected.

"Yes, we can," Elizabeth went on. "The boys can build some flower boxes, and we girls will fill them with rich earth. Then we can transplant some flowers like asters and geraniums. We'll have to do it right away, too, before the first frost comes. My father knows a lot about gardening and he'll show us how."

"That's an idea for you," said Bill eagerly. "But I wish we could plant something from the ground up."

The other members laughed. "How do you think we're going to plant them?" David asked. "From the ceiling down?"

Miss Bradley smiled. "I think I know what you mean, Bill. You want to plant some flowers from seeds and watch them grow from the very start. Isn't that it?" Bill nodded. "Then why not plant morning glory and nasturtium seeds? Both will grow very quickly if we give them plenty of water and sunshine."

"And they certainly will make our room beautiful," said Miriam.

Miriam was right, and the teachers and principal and all the pupils thought that the members of the

#### Message from WILSON L. GILL

*Inventor of the School Republic and President of the American Patriotic League*

THE School City (or Republic) is pupil self-government under instruction. It is a method of moral and civic training. The pupils are led by their teachers to perform the duties of active citizenship, intelligently and faithfully. The School City is a simple method of teaching the practice as well as the precepts of morality and citizenship. It gives citizenship to an individual at a time in his life when it is practicable to guide him in it and help him to form the habit of thinking and acting correctly in regard to his fellows and the community in which he lives.

In the School City every pupil is an apprentice citizen being trained to high and conscientious efficiency in a true democracy. The citizens, under a charter granted by the Board of Education, or other authority, make their own laws, elect their own mayor, members of the city council or legislative body and judge, and preserve order, kindly relations and good conduct by their own choice and action. No other "machinery" is necessary. Other officers may be added when wanted, such as clerk of court, sheriff, city clerk and treasurer. Administrative departments may be added when wanted, such as health, games, parks, police, etc. Grown people and children alike do not know how to do these things except as they are taught. The individual is taught to think and act independently and in cooperation for his own welfare and that of the community. Liberty, not license, is developed.

The School City for little children is not more complicated or difficult than other kindergarten work. For older children the plan is more developed, according to the capacity of the teachers and children and the particular circumstances of the school and community.

Its influence is constant. It does not necessarily interfere with recitation time. In the aggregate, an hour a month for citizens and an hour a week for officers is all the time that must be given specially to it. More time may be used with advantage. From one to two hours a week ought to be appropriated for this moral and civic training.

"But we haven't any money in the treasury," said David in dismay, "and we're too busy right now, so soon after the opening of school, to earn any."



## Perhaps You Do Not Understand Your Child

**B**ECAUSE your child is *yours*, you are apt to think you can interpret his every thought and mood. But do you really understand him?

Do you ever feel that he is becoming a stranger to you, his mother? Is he developing alien traits, alien habits, alien thoughts? Does he hesitate, seem embarrassed and withhold the confidence that has made him so dear to you? Do you ever look at him in wonder, thinking, "Who is this stranger that I have clothed and fed, nursed and guided—who is this intruder in the precious body of my child?"

Few parents realize that the minds of children do not operate like the minds of adults, and that very few of the actions of parents are understood by their children. We think of machinery as being susceptible to our slightest touch. We push a lever one way and a certain thing happens. And so it is with the human machinery of childhood. We say a certain thing to our child and a certain result occurs. And if we know what to do and say, how and when, we can build and build our children just as surely and scientifically as we can regulate a piece of machinery.

### Send Today for This 32 Page Book on the Child Mind. It's Free

Recently there has been developed a system of child training which is founded upon the latest principles endorsed by leading national authorities. It accomplishes results never dreamed of by the average parent—results which forever

banish disobedience, wilfulness and untruthfulness.

### Full Information Costs Only a Stamp

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet, "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members. For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, write for this free booklet now before you lay this magazine aside.

If this booklet answers a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it. It is showing thousands of sincere American mothers the easy and right way to train their children. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post-card.



**THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION**  
Dept. 9810 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

**THE PARENTS ASSOCIATION**  
Dept. 9810, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your book "New Methods in Child Training." This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ Check this square if you would like also to receive full information about the Beery Educational Playbox, an amazing new kind of Play, now being offered at a Special Low Price.

## THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE CONTEST

**T**HE CHILD LIFE readers who have entered the Crossword Puzzle Contest, are about to sail into the home harbor. In this issue, the fifth and last puzzle of the Crossword Puzzle Series is printed. Those of you who have not yet started to try for one of the splendid prizes offered in this contest will have to hurry and solve the puzzles that have been published monthly in CHILD LIFE since June, because the contest closes October 10. Every reader of CHILD LIFE—except members of the families of Rand McNally & Company employees—is invited to take the Crossword Puzzle Contest trip.

Nearly all the words used in this puzzle are geographical names, as in the puzzles published in the June, July, August and September issues. Send the answers to your five puzzles together, with a hundred-word letter on "The Country I Want Most to Visit and Why." Unless all five of the puzzles and the letter are sent together, they cannot be considered. Please remember that!

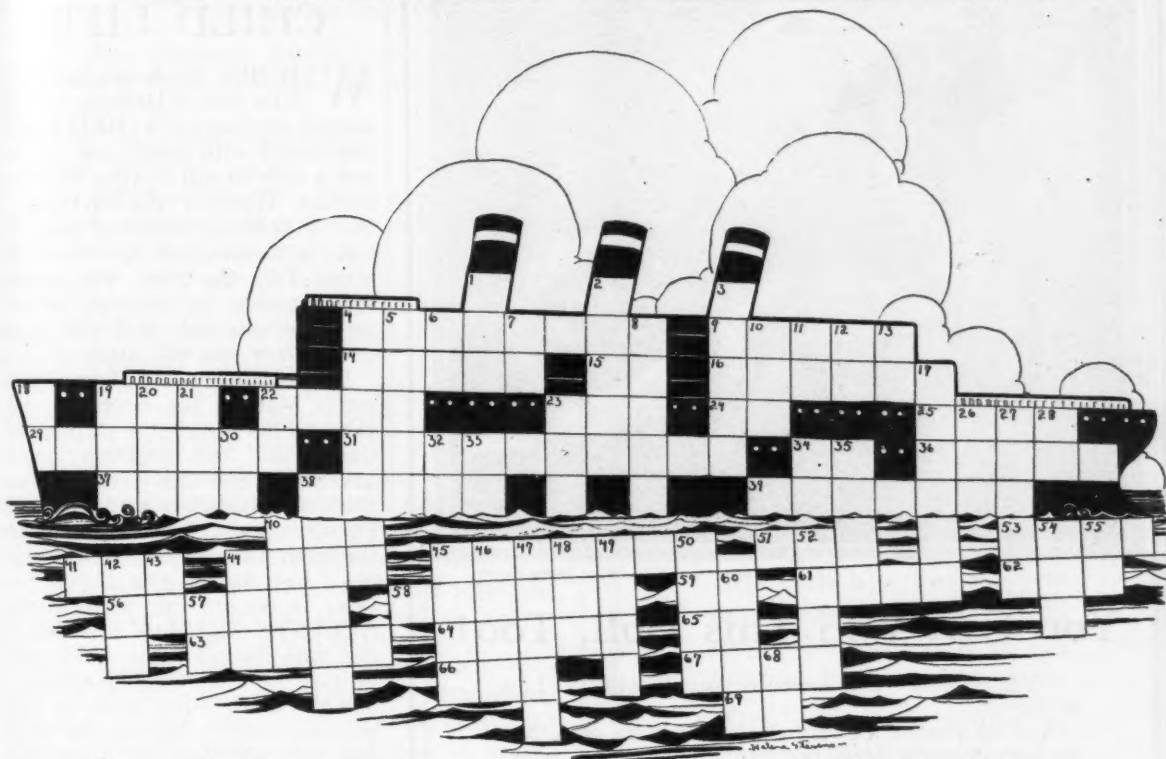
Mail your contest papers to the Crossword Puzzle Contest editor, CHILD LIFE, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. List the vertical (up and down) words and the horizontal (across) words, and be sure to write your name, age, and address clearly in ink on every page. At the top of each paper, write "Answer to June Puzzle," "Answer to July Puzzle," etc. In awarding the prizes the judges will consider correctness, the merit of the letters and neatness.

The prizes—there are two sets, one for the boys and girls between the ages 9 and 12, and another for those 8 and under—show you how to take trips around the world most any time you want to go. The winners of the two first prizes will have their choice of a beautiful eight-inch GLOBE on an oxidized finish stand or the big Rand McNally INTERNATIONAL ATLAS. The two second prizes are copies of the PREMIER ATLAS OF THE WORLD. This is an ideal atlas for your home, with its maps for the entire world, its complete indexes and special features, all thoroughly correct and up-to-date. The winners of the two third prizes will receive copies of the HANDY ATLAS OF THE WORLD, which is just as handy as it sounds. The next forty prizes—twenty for the older contestants and twenty for the younger ones—will be copies of the convenient and very interesting little POCKET ATLAS OF THE WORLD.

In case of a tie for any prize, the prize will be duplicated. The complete set of five puzzles and the hundred-word letter must reach the Crossword Puzzle Contest Editor by October 10, 1925.

The winners will be announced in the December issue of CHILD LIFE.

## THE CROSSWORD PUZZLE TRIP No. 5



## VERTICAL (Down)

1. An island off Hough's Neck in Boston Harbor; also a dry fruit or seed having a hard shell inclosing a kernel, which is very good to eat.
2. A girl's name beginning with "S."
3. An island at the entrance of the Gulf of Naples, Italy, celebrated for its grottoes, especially the beautiful Blue Grotto.
4. The home of CHILD LIFE, a city in Illinois on the shore of Lake Michigan.
5. A fertile or green spot in a desert, where there are trees, and a little spring gives water to the thirsty traveler.
6. Initials standing for an island which extends along the Atlantic coast of New York and Connecticut.
7. Abbreviation of a term for measuring distance.
8. An Indian woman.
9. A boy.
10. Abbreviation for "American."
11. Letters placed after the name of a man who is a member of England's governing body, Parliament.
12. A peninsula of the island of Ialay, off the coast of Scotland, in the North Channel.
13. A kingdom of Europe; its capital is Stockholm.
14. Initial letters representing United States South Sea possessions, formerly called the Sandwich Islands.
15. A sea, an arm of the Indian Ocean, having Arabia on one bank and Egypt on the other.
16. The first name of a great Norwegian violinist.
17. A sheep's only remark.
18. Anno Domini, Year of Our Lord.
19. Abbreviation for the other country having the same native language as our own.
20. A word meaning "past," "gone by."
21. A country of western Asia, bounded by the Mediterranean Sea, Turkey, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Arabia and Palestine.
22. Letters standing for horsepower, as the drawing power of an automobile is reckoned.
23. Initial letters of a state bounded by Montana, South Dakota, Minnesota and Canada.
24. Letters standing for a direction. A wind from this quarter is strong and dangerous at sea.
25. Abbreviation for the chemical term, "cadmium."
26. Initials standing for the district in which the capital of the United States is located.
27. A department (section) of France near Paris; the capital is Troyes.
28. A town in Persia, northwest of Great Salt Desert and southeast of the Caspian Sea.
29. A sweet biscuit; bread or cake browned in an oven.
30. Abbreviation for "opposite."
31. Letters of a city in Louisiana on the Mississippi River, named after the French city, forever associated with Joan of Arc.
32. The first part of the name of the river forming the boundary line between Mexico and Texas.
33. One of the two chief towns of Alaska, on Norton Sound of the Bering Sea, and the scene of a great gold rush years ago.
34. A river in Germany upon which the city of Munich is situated.
35. An extensive mountain system in northwest Africa; also the name of a Titan who, according to ancient Greek belief, carried the sky on his shoulders.
36. The past tense of "get."
37. A country on the east side of the French Indo-China peninsula, separated from Siam by the river Mekong and having Hue as its capital.
38. One of the largest rivers of Italy. The city of Florence is on its banks.
39. Consisting of, or like ebony.
40. A short sleep.
41. Initials of the twenty-sixth president of the United States.
42. Abbreviation for "lieutenant."
43. A river in Spain, which flows through Saragossa and Tortosa to the Mediterranean.
44. A common tool for hewing and chopping wood.

## HORIZONTAL (Across)

4. The man who, contrary to general opinion, thought the world round instead of flat, and in 1492 set sail to prove his theory correct.
5. A fort in San Antonio, Texas, scene of a battle in the war for Texan independence from Mexico. "Remember the . . ." was the battle cry thereafter.
6. A republic on the island of San Domingo; its capital is Port au Prince.
7. Abbreviation for "square."
8. Great treeless plains in South America, excellent feeding places for steers, horses and sheep.
9. A nickname for Robert.
10. A straight line, real or imaginary, upon which something actually or supposedly turns.
11. French word for water. A city in central Wisconsin on the Chippewa River bears this name together with another French word meaning "clear."
12. Abbreviation for "road."
13. Abbreviation for a northwestern state named after one of our presidents.
14. One of the British Isles.
15. An important commercial and manufacturing city of Ohio on the Ohio River.
16. A baby's favorite word.
17. A vast country of great antiquity watered by the periodical overflow of the river Nile.
18. A body of salt water in Palestine, into which the famous River Jordan flows.
19. Past tense of "rase."
20. A South American republic on the Pacific coast side of that continent.
21. Colloquial term meaning carriage with its horse or horses.
22. A river in southern Russia which empties into the sea of Azov; also an abbreviation for Donald.
23. A town in North Dakota, situated in McLean County and on the border line of Ward and McHenry counties.
24. The largest waterfalls in America, partly in the United States and partly in Canada.
25. Abbreviation for a state of which the capital is a city named after one of our presidents, called the Great Emancipator because he freed the slaves.
26. Preposition meaning "to the inside of."
27. The people inhabiting the country in Central Europe, formerly divided among Germany, Russia and Austria.
28. A famous Massachusetts city.
29. Abbreviation for "rupee," an East Indian piece of money.
30. A city, capital of the Confederation of Switzerland.
31. A river in Switzerland beside which their capital city is built.
32. Capital and chief city of Japan.
33. An island in the Mediterranean, a little south of Sicily.
34. Initials of a province of Canada lying between the state of Maine and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its chief city is St. John.
35. A period of time, an epoch.
36. Westernmost department of Algeria, bordering on Morocco on the west and the Mediterranean on the north. Its chief city is Oran.
37. A large horned animal used to draw a cart or a wagon.





Beidler, Chicago

## You Can Win This Doll, Too!

"You're mine—and I earned you all myself!" Lois whispered.

And she hugged me very close. Then she smoothed my lacy organdie dress, put on my bonnet and patted my beautiful bobbed hair until I simply had to speak.

"Ma-ma!" I said happily, and I closed my eyes, while she hugged me extra hard.

"You can talk and you are twenty inches tall," she went on. "If I hold your hands you can really walk. And best of all—you won't break!"

I kept right on smiling.

"And think of all the other girls who can have a doll just like you—without paying money! All they have to do is to take CHILD LIFE to their friends' mothers and show them what fun they have with all the stories, games, plays, clubs and cut-outs. If they show them History Hall, Musicland, and Good Citizens' League, why, they'll want the magazine for their boys and girls. Mothers help get subscriptions, too."

I blinked my eyes.

"And then," Lois added, "when they just send four of their friends' new yearly subscriptions for CHILD LIFE to the Doll Lady with the \$12 they collected for them—a beautiful doll—your twin sister—will come to them by parcel post in the very next mail."

I nodded—almost.

Just then the Camera Man came to take a picture of us so that all of you can see just how I look. And I know you'll all send this coupon to the Doll Lady right away and find out just how to get the loveliest doll you ever owned.

Doll Lady:  
CHILD LIFE, Dept. O-5  
536 South Clark St. Chicago, Illinois.

Please tell me how I can get the doll for my very own, and send me order blanks right away.

Name .....

Street address .....

City ..... State .....

## WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

**W**ITCHES, black cats and jolly little jack-o'-lanterns prance around the pages of CHILD LIFE this month with poems and favors and a play to add to your Halloween fun. There's a "Cuckoo House" too—a thrilling historical story—and the funniest tale you ever read about Tilly the train, who drank some gasoline by mistake, kicked up her wheels and—well when you read it how you will laugh—!

In this number, too, Tom Tripp meets Mahala, the elephant, and gives all his friends the surprise of their lives. And, although Tom's adventures end this month, Alma Burton's adventures with Ted and Penuchia begin. Everyone will like the interesting mystery that develops "Just Around Our Corner"—that is, everyone who loves AUGUSTA SEAMAN'S stories—and who doesn't enjoy "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes" and the many other books of this popular writer? We are also sure you will all want to finish the puzzling Crossword Puzzle Trip, to make some delicious lemon jelly, to share Dick and Dolly's good times on Halloween, and to read all the other delightful stories in this number of your magazine.

Next month you'll enjoy the story by MARGARET WARDE, the famous author of "Betty Wales," in which Dick and Dolly's mother is repaid for all the joyous times she gives the neighborhood. You will want to read the story by DR. EMMETT DUNN ANGEL, the Playman, who is popular the country over for the games he invents and plays with boys and girls. This story is all about Mary Emily's little scamp of a monkey and it has a new game thrown in for good measure. In November CHILD LIFE many other interesting stories and games are waiting for you, including all sorts of thrilling surprises for Alma and her new friends "Just Around Our Corner." PADRAIC COLUM, the distinguished Irish poet whose many books for boys and girls are real additions to children's literature, NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH and FRANCES STERRETT are among the well-known writers soon to have stories in CHILD LIFE.

And lots of other surprises are on the way!

## JACK O'LANTERN INN

(Continued from page 589)

JACK: Here they are! By the horned owl's hoot! The very children who took the apples! Let's tickle 'em!

ELVES: Let's tickle 'em *hard!!*

LITTLE WITCHES: Let's!

MRS. WITCH: Here now! Don't forget yourself! Howdy do, children? Welcome to Jack O'Lantern Inn. This is Jack and my family, and I'm the missus.

PHOEBE AND PHIL (*very scared*): How-do-you-do-Mrs.-Witch-we-are-very-well-thank-you-and-we-hope-you-are-too.

MRS. WITCH: Thanks. What did you do with those apples? May we have them?

PHIL: They're just outside in the woods.

PHOEBE: But—but—we want them ourselves—aw'fly. It's Halloween, you know. And we promised Mother we'd bring something nice home. And she wanted apples I'm pretty sure and—

PHIL: We promised. And she'll be expecting us back now—so Goodbye!

[*He edges to the left.*]

MRS. WITCH: Wait! We are going to have a party in just two owl's hoots from now. Halloween, of course, is the witches' birthday. We need your apples. They're yours, of course, and as we are good witches and elves—[*She pauses to stare severely at JACK over her spectacles.*] we wouldn't think of taking them away from you. But—

PHIL: They're ours. We want 'em!

PHOEBE: Excuse me! [*She whispers in her brother's ear. He frowns but at last nods. Then they both run off the stage.*]

JACK: They're gone! Why didn't you tickle the children while you had them—and take their apples away?

MRS. WITCH (*sighing*): How often must I tell you, Jack, that we *must* play fair? And NOT tickle. We'll just have to get along without those apples—but all those witches I've reformed certainly will be upset!

LITTLE WITCHES and ELVES (*drying their eyes with their hankies*): Boo-Hoo.

[*PHOEBE and PHIL run back, pushing a cart of apples.*]

PHIL: Here they are. We've decided just to play good tricks this Halloween!

PHOEBE: We're sure Mother would want you to have them. We'll find something else for her!

MRS. WITCH (*clapping her hands*): Now our Halloween will be perfect!

ELVES (*bowing*): Perfect.

LITTLE WITCHES (*kissing them*): Perfect!

JACK (*sighing*): Perfect—but I'd like to have tickled 'em, though.

MRS. WITCH (*feeling in her many pockets*): Let's see now if I can't find some little something or some little something-or-other for you. [*Pulls out two gilt spools tied with a gilt cord.*] Here's a radio—



## "Calls it his Nestlé's tea"

Another of those interesting  
letters written by mothers on  
the milk problem

"My little boy is of the pre-school age and it has been a trying problem how to get him to drink enough milk.

"One day while preparing Nestlé's Milk Food for the little baby, the boy asked for some. The milk was quite warm, but to my surprise he liked it and so now he drinks plenty of milk at each meal and calls it his Nestlé's tea."

MRS. G. A. JENKS  
957 E. 55th Street  
Los Angeles, Calif.

## Nestlé's Milk Food

The great milk food drink  
for children of all ages

When the problem is to keep your child drinking milk, you will find Nestlé's Food the best way. Children like it better than plain milk—it has a delicious flavor. It is more digestible than plain milk. It is more nutritious—because the milk is combined with strength-building wheat-malt. No trouble to prepare. Get a trial package at your druggist.

*\$5 for every letter*

Write us your ideas and experiences on "My child and the milk drink." Just make it a letter of 150 to 500 words. If we can use it, we will pay you \$5. Address Medical Department, CL 10, Nestlé's Food Company, 130 William Street, New York.





## THE CUCKOO HOUSE

(Continued from page 593)

stopped short and ran back to the road, ready to mount their horses and ride away. But, to their surprise, there were no Yankees to be seen anywhere. They sent scouts to the bend in the road. Still no signs of the enemy, although the tune marched on and on.

Finally the captain, who had returned to the inn to peer in the windows, called, "The Yankees are in the house! I can hear them drilling in the attic. After me!" He flung open the front door and led the way up the stairs three steps at a bound. But, when he at last reached the big, empty attic, he stopped bewildered. The tune had stopped at last and the "enemy" stood white and frightened in the middle of the floor.

"Where's the rest?" he asked Dan.

"Please, sir, there aren't any more," answered Dan, shaking a little because he didn't know what soldiers did to boys who played tricks on them. "Nobody but Ruthie and me."

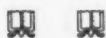
But the big Englishman didn't do anything. He called to his men with a big laugh, "Come on up, men. It's only the cuckoo bird—two of them—having a little dress parade all alone."

Mr. Brownley came up just in time to join in the gay time which followed and soon they all went down to enjoy the feast which Mrs. Brownley and old Nancy had prepared.

When at last the British left the hospitable table, they asked whether anyone had seen a score or more of Yankees who were said to be holding a conference some place near. Strange to say, no one in that house had any information to give them. They never knew that they had been tricked out of their prey when it was almost within their grasp by the quick wit of a boy scarcely nine years old.

But Washington and his generals heard the whole story and not long after, Dan and Ruthie were invited to camp to be thanked by the great general himself. Of course, Ruthie had a new red cap for the occasion, and the soldiers begged so hard to hear the story that Dan borrowed the cap and bobbed up and down and called, "Cuckoo, cuckoo!" until the men roared with laughter.

But, when at last the children said good-by and rode through the camp on their way home, every soldier saluted them with real respect. It was as though they said, "You, too, are soldiers, working for the freedom of America."



## PLAYING POSSUM

DAVID BOY SORTOR

ALL the pumpkins are asleep  
So very early in the fall,  
When they wake I'm sure they'll be  
Pop-eyed jack-o'-lanterns all!

# make Magic Pictures

**Boys and Girls—you'll love to make Magic Pictures**

IMAGINE a book with 32 illustrations and 1 stories. Each illustration is black and white, but when you dip the paint brush that comes with the book into clean water and draw it over the pictures, presto! it will be changed into a beautifully colored illustration. There's a Mystic Painting Book waiting for YOU. Send for it today.



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Send coupon below  
for your magic  
Picture Book



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124 White Street, New York, N. Y.

(1) Here is my 50 cents for the Mystic Painting Book. Please send it today.

(2) I am enclosing \$1.00 for 4 Room Apartment set. Please send it today.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....



## THE ADVENTURES OF TILLY

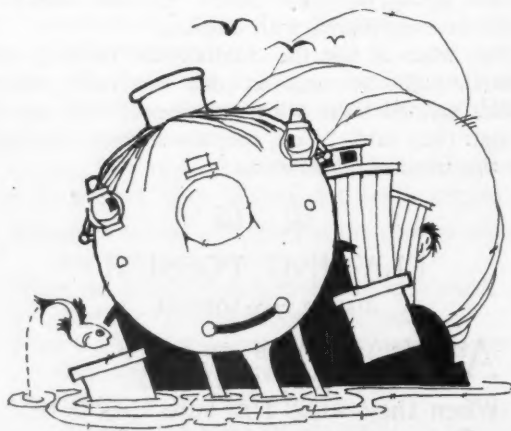
(Continued from page 595)

conductor and engineer helped them to walk along over the cars. Now and then somebody crashed through a window and had to be pulled out, but at last everybody got ashore. When Tilly felt better she crawled out of the water and went to sleep with her head on a sand dune, snoring frightfully. The conductor and engineer felt it their duty to stay with the train, so they said, "All aboard," but no one else got in. In fact the passengers all hurried away through the path Tilly had made in the woods, back to the town, to tell their sad story to anyone who would listen. But no one would believe them. Everybody in that town had been so quick to run and hide when they heard Tilly coming, that no one had seen her. They called her a tornado, and talked very learnedly about "areas of high pressure" and "partial vacuums" and things of that sort, but no one would admit having seen such a thing as a ticklish train.

They sent their mayor, and several other very dignified gentlemen to see whether the passengers' story was true. And, what do you think? When they got to the beach, there was no sign of Tilly. She had waked up, feeling better, and very much ashamed of herself and had gone quietly back to her regular work on the railroad track. The conductor and engineer talked it over, and decided it would be best for the reputation of the company not to give out any information. Besides they thought if they talked about what had happened, they might get a scolding.

But the passengers had a hard time. Of course no one would believe them. So in time they learned to keep the story to themselves, and as the conductor and engineer had such a high regard for the reputation of the company, the story never got out until now.

As for Tilly, she resolved never to touch gasoline again.



## TINY RUNAWAY

(Continued from page 601)

and went tramping off through the bushes. He found a bush all covered with berries, and had just pulled up the whole bramble with his trunk when he spied a funny, round, black, cunning bear eating the sweet berries.

"What juicy berries these are!" he said to the round black bear, who sat up on his hind legs to look at him. "I've come to live in these woods forever. It's a nice place to live in, isn't it?"

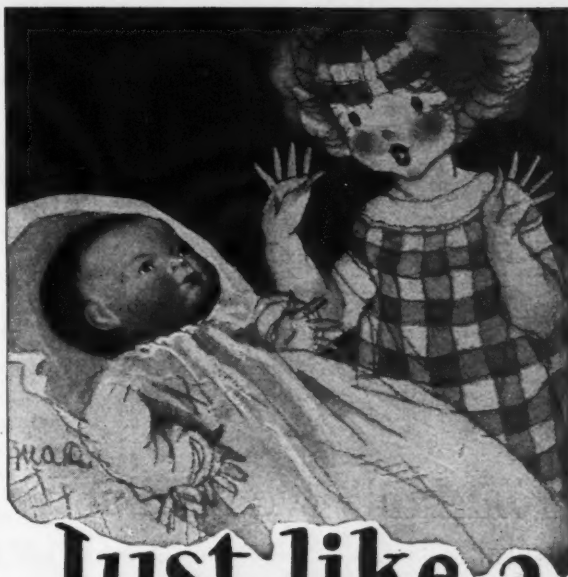
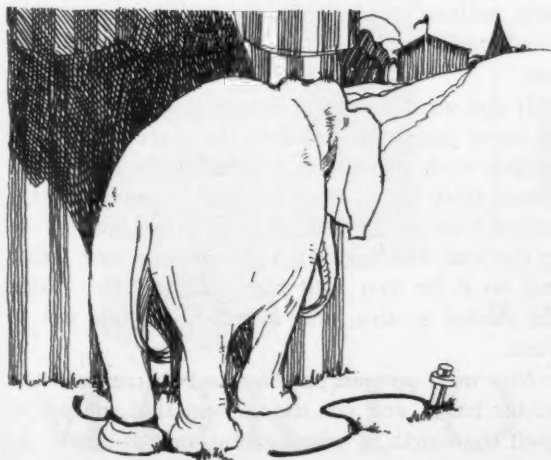
But the round black bear said, "It's very nice in the summer, when there are berries and honey to eat. But of course it's so cold you have to sleep all winter."

"Sleep all winter?" squealed Tiny, in great excitement. "Who ever could sleep all winter?"

And Tiny Elephant turned around and ran as fast as he could out of the woods, padding down the road on his round fat feet. He curled up his trunk, and didn't trumpet on his way back. He ran to where he saw the big white circus tent, and he hunted up his broken rope and stood beside it, just as if he were still tied there.

For he wanted to walk over the nice warm bricks in the parade, and he wanted his bright red blanket with bells on it, so that they could ring for all the babies on the street.

And he *didn't* want to make hay, or cut wood, or travel south, or dig a hole, or buy a fur coat, or hide nuts, or sleep all winter. Tiny elephant wanted to be taken care of in the wintertime.



## Just like a real baby!

"I'm the youngest dolly you ever saw. Just like a real, sure-enough three days old baby. And I want a nice home with some little girl who will be real good to me—cuddle me, put me to sleep, and sing to me when I cry."

"I know you'll love me—everybody wants to take me up as soon as they see me. The lady who designed me, Grace Storey Putnam, studied hundreds of real babies for years, and finally picked me out."

"I'm waiting for a nice little girl like you to come and get me. I hope you won't keep me waiting much longer. They're nice to me here, but I'm lonesome without a real little mother. You'll want to adopt me, I'm sure."

*Grace Storey Putnam.*

Originator of the Bye-Lo Baby Doll

Grace Storey Putnam's name is imprinted on the back of the head of each genuine copyrighted Bye-Lo Baby and her facsimile signature is on the identification tag. To be had in seven sizes, 9 to 10 inches high, at leading toy and department stores. If not at your dealers write Dept. 16 H, and we will tell you where to get it.

GEO. BORGFELDT & CO., 111-119 East 16th St., New York  
Sole Licensee and Distributor of the Genuine "K and K" Bye-Lo Baby



# BYE-LO

## BABY DOLL





## The Hallowe'en Party

"JACKIE ought to be in, even if it is Hallowe'en!" said Mrs. Lee, anxiously. "It's nearly eight o'clock!"

Just then the bell rang and she hurried to the door. Such a queer lot of people came in, laughing and shouting. A clown and a gypsy and a witch and a tramp—and something with a head like a cow and legs like little Jackie Lee!

"Mercy me!" cried Mrs. Lee, "Who are all these creatures? Where is my little boy?"

"I'm here, Mother!" said the cow. "But we're going right out again, as soon as we get warm."

His mother didn't say no. She just slipped out into the kitchen while the boys and girls were romping in the living room. In a few minutes she was back with a big tray. "Something for you," she said.

"Oh, goody!" Jackie cried. "Nice hot Postum, and crackers and cookies! Let's stay in and have a party!"

So the clown and the gypsy and the witch and the tramp and the cow had a party. And every single one of them drank two big cups of Postum! Of course, Mrs. Lee let them have all they wanted, because Postum is a wonderful drink anyway, and besides it was made with hot milk. You know how hard your mother tries to make you drink plenty of milk! Perhaps you don't like the taste of milk—but you'll *love* the taste of Postum-and-milk.

MOTHERS! Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted. Prepared with hot (not boiled) milk it is a wonderfully nourishing drink for children. They love it!

Try Postum for your family—a *healthful* hot mealtime drink, instead of dangerous coffee and tea! Get Postum from your grocer—or mail the coupon below for one week's supply, free, and a little booklet which will interest every mother.

© 1925, P. C. Co.

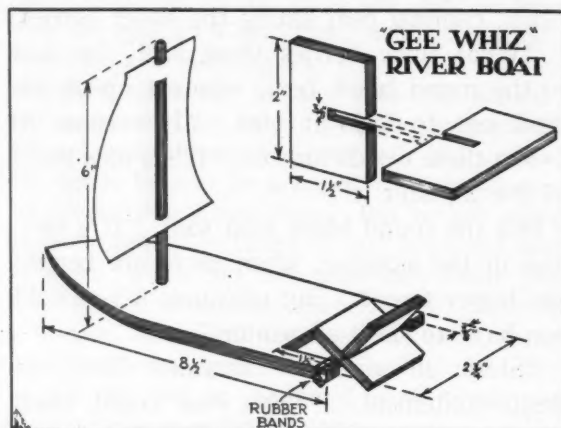
### FREE—MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.		★ C. L. 10-25
I would like to try Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of		
INSTANT POSTUM . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> Check which	
POSTUM CEREAL . . .	<input type="checkbox"/> you prefer	
Please send also the children's booklet by Carrie Blanchard.		
Name _____		
Street _____		
City _____	State _____	
In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd. 45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.		

## LET'S MAKE IT!

### THE "GEE WHIZ" RIVER BOAT

By ANTHONY R. GOULD



TO MAKE the "Gee Whiz" river boat, take a cigar box and cut a strip of wood  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches long (the length of the box) by  $2\frac{3}{4}$  inches wide. Measure  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches from the end on both sides, and start whittling to a point, as shown in the diagram. At the opposite or broad end, saw or cut out a square notch 2 inches across by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches deep. Leave a narrow edge on both sides, leaving the end open as in the diagram. About  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch from the end of each projecting strip of wood thus made, cut a notch on the outside.

Next cut two pieces of wood 2 by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches. Cut a groove in each  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch deep, as in the diagram. This groove is as wide as the thickness of the board being used. Fit these together to make a paddle wheel and fasten to the boat by means of two long, thin rubber bands which are held in place by the notches you have cut. The rubber band should be long enough to just reach across the boat without much stretching. A heavy or tight band would not carry the boat so far as the loose one.

If you want a sail for your boat, cut out a piece of heavy paper, according to the diagram. Run a lollipop stick, a pencil or a meat skewer through it. About three inches from the bow or point and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches from either side of your boat, bore a hole in the boat with your knife, or perhaps your father will do it for you with his brace and bit. Stick the skewer in this, and it will hold your sail in place.

Now wind up your paddle wheel by means of the rubber bands, and you have a boat that will propel itself the length of your bathtub or fish pond.

# Children now saved from Goiter

*—Without Knowing it!*

Entire cities fight this malady with the approved new Morton's Iodized Salt—it tastes no different

THERE is a simple precaution that any woman can take to protect her own good looks and the health and beauty of her children.

It is to use the new Morton's Iodized Salt on the table and in cooking.

For physicians have found that in a majority of cases iodized salt prevents goiter.

Before Switzerland began the use of iodized salt, 50% of all babies were born goitrous—now practically no babies have goiters.

#### *The Iodine Prevents*

Morton's Iodized Salt tastes the same, looks the same as our other famous product—the salt that "pours."

The only difference is that it contains a tiny, tasteless trace of iodine.

For research has proved that when the thyroid gland in the

throat lacks iodine it overworks and enlarges, forming goiter.

Foods ought to provide the iodine—but usually fail to do so. So more than 30 medical men asked us to prepare this salt containing iodine—that millions might be spared simple goiter.

#### *Children Are Most Often Victims*

It is false security to feel that because children are healthy now, goiter will not develop.

It may occur at any time under 21—but usually it strikes girls from 12 to 15 years old and boys at the age of 10.

As high as 70% of grade school girls were thus affected in one small community; statistics show similar conditions in a majority of states.



#### *Guard Against Goiter*

Why risk marred beauty, impaired health—even an operation—when you can so easily take this simple dietary precaution?

Whole cities have adopted Morton's Iodized Salt. State health authorities urge its use. Get it today at any grocer's and be on the safe side.

*Alike—except one contains iodine*



### *free!* THIS INTIMATE BOOK

At certain times in any woman's life, goiter is more likely to develop than at others. This book treats of intimate facts of extreme importance to women generally and to young girls, brides, mothers in particular. Fill out the coupon and mail today—book will be sent at once.

Morton Salt Company,  
Dept. 100 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE copy of "How Iodized Salt Prevents Goiter."

Name .....

Address .....

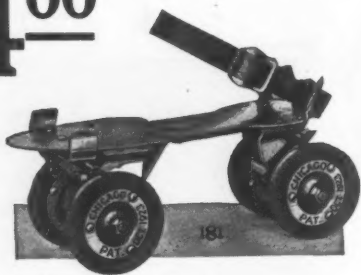
City.....State.....



WHEN IT RAINS — IT POURS

# MORTON'S SALT

**\$4<sup>00</sup>**



## ROLL ON RUBBER!

### *New Model*

**B**OYS and girls—There may be good skaters among your friends on ordinary roller skates, but you can leave them far behind with a pair of these speedy, noiseless, shock-absorbing, ball-bearing skates with real rubber tires.

"CHICAGO" Rubber Tired Skates are longer lasting and speedier than any other skates. No slipping. Ball bearings make speed. Our new 1926 model has twice the strength of other skates. Everybody wants them. Be sure to have dad get you a pair right away from your hardware dealer—or order direct, enclosing a P. O. money order for \$4.00. Money back if not satisfied.

**CHICAGO  
ROLLER SKATE CO.**

4458 W. Lake St.

Chicago, Ill.

## THE SQUIRRELS' BEST HOARD

(Continued from page 604)

over. I want to show the fellows that there's plenty going on here."

The very next day George was back, all excitement. "You know that tall Mr. Carter who lives in the big brown house at the Corners. He invents things. He invented a little part to an automobile that nearly all kinds of cars use, and he invented a machine to cut stone. He's lived here ever since he was rich enough to give up working by the day in a factory, and he thinks this is a fine town."

Mr. Carter wasn't the only distinguished citizen the children discovered. Polish Marie's mother washed for a family up on her road, and the man, she said, "made talks, all about ze snow—leetle bits snow. He make picture. He show. He talk. Verra great man."

"To think," said Father, when he had helped Marie investigate her find, "that the greatest expert on snow crystals lives here and we never knew it! We must have him give us a talk."

"I think a picnic near my hero's grave would be fine," said Dick. "There's a nice place on the top of that hill. And Mother could tell us the story about him, more than is carved on the monument."

"Andy wants an arrow-hunt on his battle field," said Mother. "All the arrows you find are to be used to start a museum up at the Cabin."

"Harriet wants a snowshoe trip after that Alpine glow," put in Dolly. "Is it a flower, and how can it grow best in winter?"

"We'll certainly have to let you see it," laughed Mother, "so you'll be sure it's not exactly a winter plant. Suppose we have Andy's arrow-hunt Saturday afternoon, and your picnic, Dick, the next Saturday, and all the other things we can save for the party."

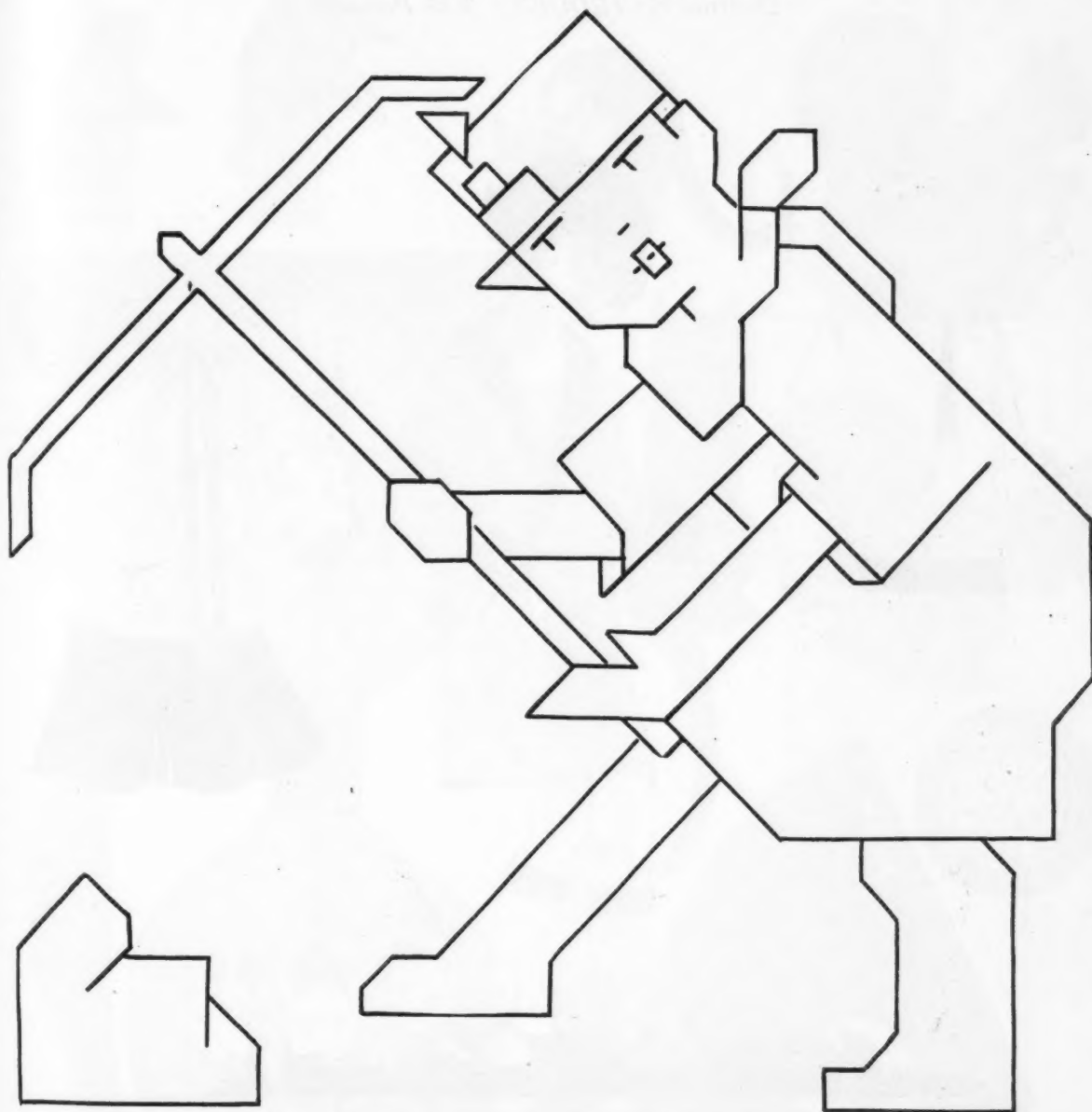
So that was what they did. Mother announced each town treasure and showed it, if it was there to show. If not, the child who had found it told about it. The inventor wouldn't come; he was too shy. But he sent an invitation to all the boys who liked machinery to come and see him at his shop. And when all the other treasures had been exhibited the lights went out and the snowflake man showed his wonderful pictures—pictures that made you long for winter to come, so you could pick up snowflakes and look at them under a microscope, just as he had. And before the lights went on again, there was a comical ghost dance on the stage, so nobody would forget that it was Halloween.

"We don't have to stop collecting treasures, do we?" asked Andy anxiously, when the party was breaking up. "Because I was talking to my father and he thinks we can get more yet. He thinks this is a fine old town, and so do I."



# THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 16

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



## No. 16. THE WESTERN MINER

**N**OW please don't start any sad jokes about this miner being a minor! He does look young, but he also looks happy like the rest of the Quiltie Children.

He is not an overburdened little toiler from underground; our child labor law does away with all such possibilities. He's here to represent the vast areas of our nation where mining is the chief industry. So if you live in West

Virginia, Montana or in New Mexico or any of the other mining states, this busy-looking boy will be your special quiltie block.

**Instructions:** To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.

# YOUR DRESS AND DOLLY'S

*Designed by CHIQUÉT. With Patterns*



**P**OLLY Paper doll is giving a farewell party to her little squirrel friends. She wants to be sure they will have food enough to last them during the long winter months.

Although squirrels are not supposed to be interested in fashions they cannot help admiring her new coat dress. It is made of washable flannel and is very comfortable these cool October days.

"I have two more pretty dresses," confides Polly to her little friends.

"The one I wear to school has a handkerchief linen blouse and a black velveteen skirt. Mother put the skirt on with snap fasteners so that it can be taken off and washed easily."

"The other dress is a jacket dress of jersey. It has the cutest little leather tie and a wide leather belt. I can take my jacket

off when it is very warm in the house, she finished happily."

The squirrels made a funny little noise and Polly knew they approved of her winter wardrobe.

I am sure you will, too, for she buys all of her patterns from CHILD LIFE.

Pattern No. 4816, 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.

Pattern No. 5120, 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years.

Pattern No. 5023, 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12, and 14 years.

All patterns are 20 cents each.

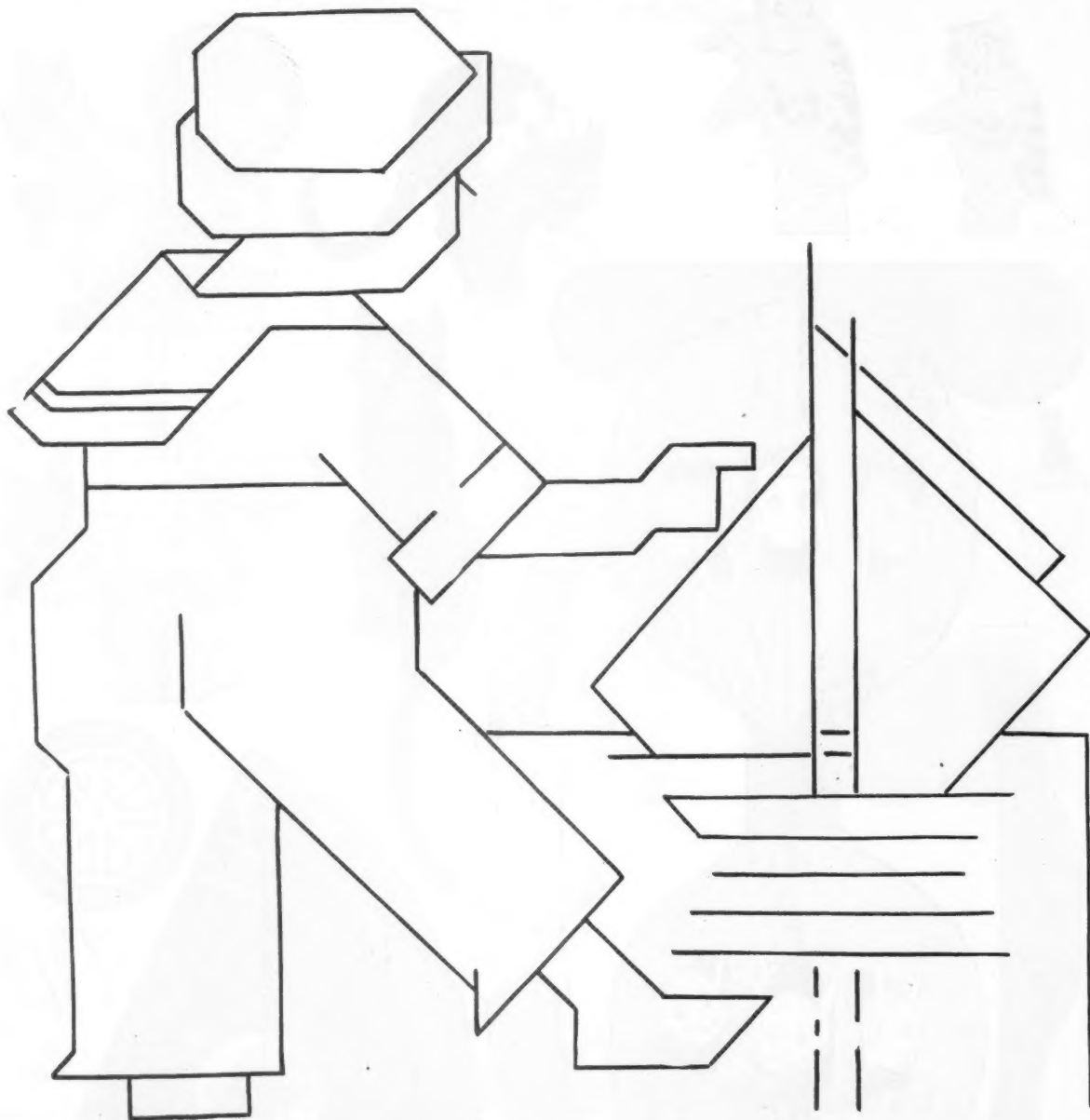
We are always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Pattern Department, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.





# THE CHILD LIFE QUILT No. 17

Designed by RUBY SHORT McKIM



## No. 17. THE SAILOR

**N**UMBER 17 is a lad who stands for another one of the industries that has made our nation what it is to-day. He represents shipping and the romance of the sea.

Part of the rich heritage that comes down to us as Americans is due to our pioneer ancestors who braved the great deep in small wooden sailing ships and sought out our land to build a nation. Wouldn't it be ridiculous for such

dauntless folk as these brave men and women to have even a great-great-grandchild who was afraid of anything.

**Instructions:** To change the drawing into a quilt block, trace through carbon onto a smoothly ironed piece of muslin that is cut about ten inches square. To make sure that your lines will trace perfectly true, use a ruler to mark along. After you have traced the pattern onto the muslin, you can work it in simple outline stitch, any color you may choose for your quilt. There are twenty drawings in all, just enough for a child's quilt.

## CHILD LIFE KITCHEN

(Continued from page 607)

oranges, apricots, bananas, pears, plums, white grapes or those tiny little seedless grapes that are so delicious. Choose two or three kinds rather than too many. Dice the fruit into neat, even pieces about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch square and immediately sprinkle with  $\frac{1}{4}$  cupful of powdered sugar so the fruit does not turn brown.

When the gelatine is well cooled, but not cold and set, stir in the fruit very gently, being sure it is well blended through the gelatine.

Then cover tightly and chill.

Both these desserts may be served with cream or with whipped cream, if you like, though it is not necessary. If you use cream, be sure it is very cold, when served.

After you have learned to make gelatine, you will find you can make a great variety of desserts. Mother's cooking magazine, the little book that comes in the box of gelatine and sometimes the advertisements in the magazines you find on the library table often have very nice gelatine recipes that you can use, now that you have really learned to make this kind of dessert in our own kitchen. This is a good place for enterprising cooks to experiment.

Don't forget to write us postal cards about your successes. We love to hear. And keep right on telling us about the things you want to learn. Maybe some day we can even make chocolate cake as Elizabeth and Charlotte want us to!



## FATHER'S BIRTHDAY CAKE

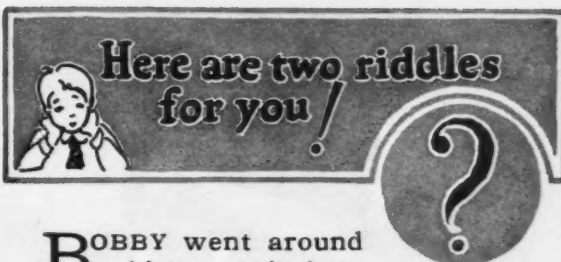
ADA LORRAINE JEX

WHEN Father's birthday comes around  
We bake the biggest cake!  
We sift and whip and sweeten it;  
Such trouble as we take!

For Mother says he works all day  
To buy us everything!  
So when we make his birthday cake,  
Of course we laugh and sing.

Bobby beats and beats the eggs  
And Margy sifts the flour,  
Bess and I chop raisins up,  
And bake it for an hour.

Then when at last the cake is done,  
We ice it all about,  
And light a candle for each child,  
To let our love shine out!



BOBBY went around asking everybody to answer his riddle. "What word is it," he asked, "that means a fruit, a candy and an animal?"

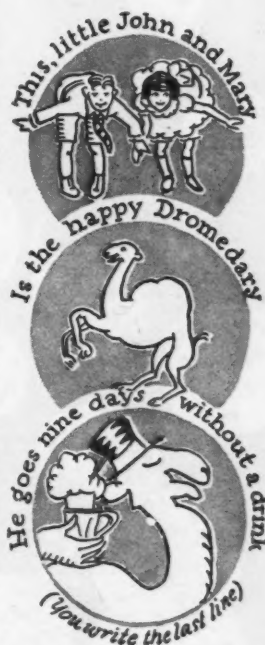
Nobody could guess until he came to Joan. She thought a few minutes and then said, "That's easy—you mean the word 'Dromedary,' don't you?" And Bobby had to admit that she was right.

"You see," Joan explained, "I first of all thought of my favorite fruit and that was Dromedary Dates. Then I remembered that mother always says they are the best kind of candy. And everyone knows that a Dromedary is a camel with only one hump."

"Bravo," said mother. "I think you both deserve a reward for that." So she gave them some Dromedary Dates and milk before they went to bed.

Dromedary Dates are the sweetest reward for good children—and grown-ups, too. Together with milk they make up a perfect body-building food. Think of dates as a fruit, confection, food.

Cut out this picture column; write a last line for the verse—and write your name and address plainly. The boy or girl who sends the best one (three grown-up judges) wins a miniature Dromedary store, with 24 packages of delicious dates to sell. 12 packages for second prize. 6 for third. One package each for the 25 next best. Contest closes October 31st.



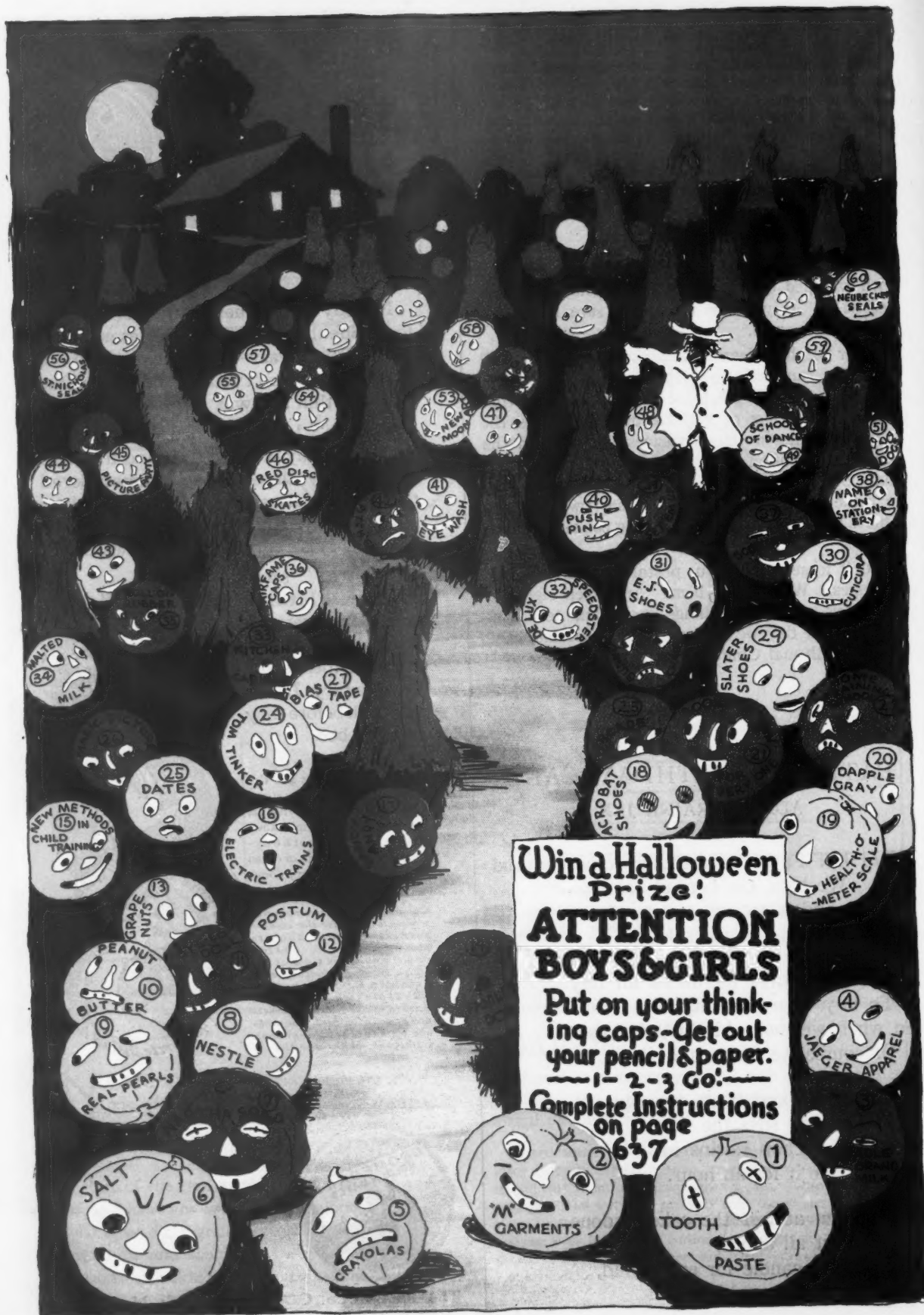
Write a last line for this verse



Name.....

Address.....

The Hills Bros. Co., C376 Washington St., New York City





## Win a Halloween Prize

EVERY Jack-O-Lantern has the name of a product advertised in this issue of CHILD LIFE and a number written on his face. You can find the name of the companies in their advertisements on the different pages in this issue. If you want to enter this contest you may make a list giving the names of the companies and the number on their Jack-O-Lanterns.

After your list is made ask Mother what advertisement she likes best in CHILD LIFE. Write a letter telling what one she chose.

Answers must be mailed before November 1st, 1925. Everyone who enters this contest will receive a Halloween Prize.

The 25 CHILDREN WHO WRITE THE BEST LETTERS WILL RECEIVE A HALLOWEEN SURPRISE PACKAGE.

ADDRESS

**CHILD LIFE**  
**HALLOWEEN CONTEST**

536 So. Clark Street  
Chicago, Illinois

## Books of Fun For Everyone

*A cat tale told in rhyme*

### DAME WIGGINS OF LEE AND HER SEVEN WONDERFUL CATS

With fifty pictures in colors by ROY MELDRUM



Dame Wiggins, being lonely and afraid of mice, adopted seven very brave cats. They spelled; they rowed; they sang; they sewed. Were there ever such wonderful cats. The old nonsense verses and gay new pictures will make you chuckle. A Little Library Book \$1.00.

*Penguins, Pirates and Poor Percy*

### KING PENGUIN: A Legend of the South Sea Isles

By RICHARD HENRY HORNE

With pictures by JIMMY DAUGHERTY

Percy Johnstone left school and went to sea. His first adventure was being lost on an island of penguins. Though they treated him kindly, he betrayed their king who was taken into captivity, and after many thrilling escapades, Percy sailed for the Waibou Islands. His conscience smote him so, however, that he was forced to undo the wrong he did King Penguin and there was a happy ending. You'll find yourself laughing all the way through, at the humor of the story and the spirit and fun of the pictures. A Little Library Book \$1.00.



*"Here Mother Goose on winter nights  
The old and young she both delights"*

### MOTHER GOOSE'S NURSERY RHYMES

Edited by L. EDNA WALTER

With pictures by  
CHARLES FOLKARD



This splendid book contains all of the "Mother Goose" that could be found in the books or memories of English people today. The unusual collection of rhymes and the wealth of gay pictures have put this edition at the top of the list, especially with the children themselves. 150 pages full of fun and suggestions for plays and games \$4.00.

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**  
66 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK CITY

# "Sandy Andy"

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## Toys and Games



"Sandy Andy" Laundry Sets for little girls. This one consists of enameled metal wash tub, glass-surface wash board, clothes reel and clothes pins. Price \$1.00.

"Sandy Andy" See Saw; automatic sand toy, operated with clean white sand, furnished with the toy. 9 in. high. Enameled metal. Price 50 cents.



"Bizzy Andy" Trip Hammer; automatic marble toy. 10 1/4 in. high; enameled metal; six marbles included. Price 50 cents.



## The Toys all Children Love!

"Sandy Andy" Incline; sand toy operated automatically with clean, white sand. 14 1/2 in. high; enameled metal. Price \$1.00 including a can of sand.



THESE are the famous "Sandy Andy" Toys; the playthings which delight all children. You probably have some of them. There are many more new ones, equally attractive, and they can all be seen at the nearest toy store. The name "Sandy Andy" on each box is our trade mark and your guarantee of the genuine. Look for "Sandy Andy" Toys and Games when you visit the toy store. If unobtainable, we will send any you desire, prepaid, on receipt of price. West of Denver, Colo. and outside the United States, these prices are 25% higher.

Write for colored pamphlet picturing all these interesting toys and games.

**WOLVERINE SUPPLY & MFG. CO.**  
1202 Western Ave., N. S.  
Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Sandy Andy" Vacuum Cleaner, the delight of any little girl. Operated by friction; picks up paper, dust and ashes. 28 1/4 in. high. Beautifully enameled. Price \$2.50.

"Sandy Andy" Unbreakable Toy Dishes. Enameled metal, orange with black silhouette designs. This set has 13 pieces, including tray; complete service for three. Price \$1.00.



## GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE

(Continued from page 619)

Good Citizens' League had found a very beautiful way of showing their appreciation for what the school had done for them.

### League Membership

Any boy or girl who is a reader of CHILD LIFE may become a member of the league and, upon application, giving his name, age, and address, will receive a membership pin. We shall be glad to help you start a branch league among your friends or among the pupils in your room at school and shall mail pins for the boys and girls whose names, ages, and addresses you send us.

Address all inquiries to Frances Cavanah, Manager, Good Citizens' League, 536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

### For the teacher

In this issue Mr. Wilson L. Gill, president of the American Patriotic League and well-known inventor of the School Republic, begins another series of messages on the organization and administration of a School Republic. Complete information about the formation of a Republic in your schoolroom, in connection with your branch of the Good Citizens' League, may be found in the supplementary handbook that Mr. Gill has prepared for the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League. This will be sent to any teacher or the leader of any young people's group upon the receipt of fifteen cents, merely enough to cover the cost of printing and mailing.

### A Good Citizen at School

1. I helped make a window box for my schoolroom.
2. I helped fill it with rich dirt.
3. I helped transplant some flowers for it.
4. I watered the flowers.
5. I was kind to a new pupil.
6. I was fair on the playground.
7. I was courteous to my teacher.
8. I attended school regularly.
9. I was on time every day.
10. I passed through the halls quietly.
11. I was careful not to take dirt into the building.
12. I was careful not to drop waste paper or fruit peelings on the grounds or in the room.
13. I erased some marks from the school building.
14. I kept my desk in order.
15. I listened attentively.
16. I showed a visitor about the building.
17. I recited so all the class could understand.
18. I made no unnecessary noise.
19. I worked hard even when no teacher was in the room.
20. I helped my teacher by obeying cheerfully and promptly.
21. I helped a smaller child with his wraps or in some other way.
22. I kept my school books clean and neat.
23. I attended strictly to my own work.
24. I was careful to waste no time.
25. I found my place promptly when the bell rang.

An Honor Point is awarded for each day a good citizenship deed is recorded. The monthly Honor Roll lists the names of those who earn twenty-five or more points, and there is a prize for members who earn 250 points during twelve consecutive months. Other good deeds may be substituted for those suggested above, and the best original activities are published and awarded extra points. Write your name, age and address at the top of a blank sheet of paper; then each day you can record the date and your deed or deeds for that day. Send your October list of good deeds in time to reach us by November 5th, if you want to see your names on the Honor Roll.

### Honor Roll for June

The following members received twenty-five or more honor points during the month of June:

Ethelyn Albrecht	William Haggerty	Virginia McDowell	Mary Schold
Adolphus Ballantyne	Lawrence Hanson	James McMillan	Raymond Schold
Heien Basford	Ruth Holtdorf	A. Louise Mehning	Elaine Schuelke
Andrew Beath	Dale Ihlenfeldt	Floyd Memier	Arnes Sibley
Ethel Blood	Stanley Ihlenfeldt	Ruby Memier	Ernestine Steffen
Irva Blood	Dorothy Kanis	Eva Clyde Miller	Ruth Stewart
Robert Blood	Heien Kisel	Eliene Mosier	John Sutcliffe
Virginia Dolbear	Katherine Kisel	Margaret Myers	Eleanor Vansant
Thomas Elison	Clayton Klemstein	Gertrude Nett	Mary C. Walborn
Harold Finley	Corinne Lake	Gwendolyn Newell	Pauline Wall
Neil Fischer	Melvin Lake	Helen M. Reynolds	Claire Wert
Adele Garfield	Genevieve Lewis	John Schenning	Gladys Witmer
Harold Gauger	Fern McDougall	Dorothy Schold	Katherine E. Zels
Beulah Haggerty			

### Honor Roll for July

The following members earned twenty-five or more honor points during the month of July:

Adolphus Ballantyne	Adele Garfield	Clayton Klemstein	Eliene Mosier
Heien Basford	Harold Gauger	Corinne Lake	Gertrude Nett
Andrew Beath	Beulah Haggerty	Melvin Lake	Gwendolyn Newell
Ethel Blood	William Haggerty	Genevieve Lewis	Dorothy Schold
Irva Blood	Dale Ihlenfeldt	Fern McDougall	Mary Schold
Robert Blood	Stanley Ihlenfeldt	James McMillan	Raymond Schold
Virginia Dolbear	Dorothy Kanis	A. Louise Mehning	Ruth Stewart
Thomas Elison	Heien Kisel	Floyd Memier	John Sutcliffe
Harold M. Finley	Katherine Kisel	Ruby Memier	Katherine Zels
Neil Fischer			



#### CLUB MOTTO:

*The only joy I keep is what I give away*

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club.

The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under may become a member of this club, whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention. No manuscripts can be returned.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to  
CHILD LIFE

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

ROSE WALDO, Editor

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

#### HALLOWEEN

HALLOWEEN will soon be here,  
When ghosts and witches too  
appear,  
And all the children are happy and  
gay,  
Singing, shouting on Halloween day!

LORRAINE EDISON

Age 9 Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE very  
much and would like to be a  
member of the Joy Givers' Club.  
I live in Mexico on a ranch. My  
brother and I have a pet monkey.  
Her name is Juana. She carries  
the pot that she eats with around  
her house with either her tail or  
her hand. I have a pet dog and  
his name is Major, and he can  
do some tricks.

DEBORAH GRIGSBY

Santo Elena, Cajeme, Sonoma,  
Age 9 Mexico



VIRGINIA PRITCHETT, BETTY ANN  
MOLLINE AND ELIZABETH HENDRICKS

#### HALLOWEEN

HALLOWEEN means fun, you  
know,  
Spooky cats with eyes that glow,  
Witches black and pumpkins gay,  
Old man moon shouts a glad hurrah!

HELEN BASFORD

#### FUN

ON HALLOWEEN  
The witches fly  
At broad twilight  
Across the sky.

MAXINE LA BRIER

Age 8 Elsinore, Calif.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM saving all my CHILD  
LIFE magazines and when I  
am older I shall give them to  
some poor child who will enjoy  
them. I am sending a picture of  
Betty Ann Molline, Virginia Prit-  
chett and myself. I like the Joy  
Givers' part the best. I have got-  
ten six people to take CHILD  
LIFE and am sending for the doll.

When my mother and father  
went to Chicago they visited the  
place where CHILD LIFE is  
printed.

Your friend,  
ELIZABETH HENDRICKS  
Omaha, Neb.





### The up-to-date trains for up-to-date boys

**I**VES Trains have all the 1925 improvements. They are the *only* trains with electric locomotives (Series R) that you can stop and reverse by a touch of your finger on the control switch, located away from the track.

You boys will get a wonderful "kick" out of this reversing device—making the locomotive stop and back just like a real engineer. A mere touch of the finger does it! This year you can have an Ives Electric Reversing Locomotive on either O-gauge or 2¼-gauge track.

Both in action and appearance Ives Trains are exactly like the modern equipment of famous railroads. There is an almost endless variety of passenger and freight cars, electric target signals and semaphore signals with electrically-operated arms, bridges, tunnels, stations, and the efficient Ives Transformer. Prices range from the \$1.50 mechanical train to the big complete \$50 electric outfit. Sold by toy, department, electrical, hardware and sporting goods stores.

#### Send for the Ives Railroad Book

THE 32-page book of Ives Trains and Accessories contains illustrations in colors of the full line and tells all about the new 1925 features exclusive with Ives. Mail the coupon today with 10 cents. THE IVES MANUFACTURING CORPORATION, Dept. A1, 198 Holland Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

### IVES ELECTRIC AND MECHANICAL TRAINS

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation,  
Dept. A1, 198 Holland Ave.,  
Bridgeport, Conn.

Please mail me your 32-page railroad book. I  
enclose 10 cents (stamps or coin).

Name .....

Address .....

City..... State.....

**I** FOUND three little rabbits  
In the garden to-day,  
And my dog, Spot, frightened  
Their mother away.

But now I keep the garden gate  
Shut very tight,  
So my dog won't give  
Her such another fright.

ROSE COOMBES  
Fieldon, Ill.

Age 9



ROSE AND JAMES COOMBES  
Fieldon, Ill.

### CHILDREN WHO WANT LETTERS

Margaret Coffman, Nederland, Tex., age 11½.

Frances Wells, 905 Lily St., Leesburg, Fla., age 10.

Dorothy Streeter, Weirgor, Wis., age 14.

Horace Sickler, Weirgor, Wis., age 15.

Lucy C. Landon, Olney Springs, Colo., age 10.

Jane Ellison, 1318 Quarrier St., Charleston, W. Va., age 12.

Grace M. Pluntz, Exeland, Wis., R. F. D. No. 3, age 14.

Beulah Pluntz, Exeland, Wis., R. F. D. No. 3, age 11.

Barbara Knudson, Box 275, Harlouton, Mont., age 10½.

Eloise S. Wright, 742 N. Clementine St., Anaheim, Calif., age 8.

Catherine Klein, 145 Hamilton Ave., Lorain, Ohio.

Katharine Walsh, Collyer, Kan., age 10.

Marvin Nelson, Weirgor, Wis., Box 13, age 13.

Emma Dorval, Weirgor, Wis., age 13.

Bonnie Lou Edgar, 921 S. 33d St., Omaha, Neb., age 8½.

Marguerite Reif, 208 Elm St., Leavenworth, Kans.

Mildred Daly, Uva, Wyo., age 11.

Dorothy Merrill Otto, Naples, N. Y., age 10.

Myrtle Henrickson, Weirgor, Wis., age 12.

William Meier, Weirgor, Wis., age 15.

Mary Gadwill, Weirgor, Wis., age 12.

Bernetta Tilton, Exeland, Wis., R. F. D. No. 3, age 10.

Thomas W. Stephenson, 1603 Killboul St., Raleigh, N. C.

Seasie Dominick, Kinards, S. C.

Mary Parker Brooks, 229 Springfield Ave., Wyoming, Cincinnati, Ohio, age 10½.



### More than Just Fun! "PITCH 'EM"

#### THE ORIGINAL Rubber Horseshoe Game

**M**ORE than the most fascinating indoor and outdoor game. Pitch 'em brings skill and strength to youthful bodies, accuracy and keenness to the eye and mind. Consists of 4 rubber Horseshoes (pony size), 2 green enameled metal plates with rounded corners and nickeled pegs. Played according to regular American Horseshoe. Rules printed on cover of box. **\$1.00**

#### PITCH 'EM WINKS

##### The Table Horseshoe Game

**C**ONSISTS of small green metal plate with a nickeled peg, 2 felt pads, 4 polished aluminum Horseshoes and 2 disks. Horseshoes are placed on felt pads at equal distances from stake and flipped towards it by the disks similar to tidledy-winks. Directions for scoring included. **25c**

#### "GYM" HORSESHOES For Grown-ups

**F**OR use in gym, picnics, rainy days at the golf club etc. Consists of 4 regulation size and weight rubber Horseshoes reinforced with steel, and 2 steel pegs with **\$2.00** metal bases.

At most toy dealers or sent post paid on receipt of purchase price.

WALBERT MFG. CO.

933 Wrightwood Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

### WALBERT GAMES



WALBERT  
made it first!

The  
ORIGINAL

Beware of  
Inferior  
Imitations

Insist on Pitch 'em!



I've got a GO-BOY  
Spring SCOOTER—  
I'm 8-and-a-half—  
but it's too big for  
my little sister—  
she's only 4!

Sure, the Spring Scooter is too big  
for a little girl—or boy—of only 4,  
SO NOW we have built a GO-BOY  
just their size—and named it the

## Go-boy SCOOTERETTE

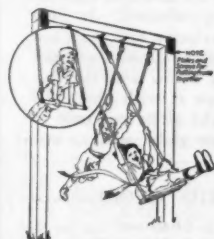
for  
TINY TOTS

of 4, or 3, or 5, or 6,  
and even up to 7 years



A REAL pal for your little ones—  
just their size, easy to handle,  
and so quiet that on rainy days  
they can enjoy it inside without  
"tearing down the house." It's  
well-built—like all these good GO-  
BOY Playtoys—and lasts much  
longer than ordinary toys. Runs  
easy and fast, and has three-wheel  
safety. GO-BOY Scooterette gives  
all the fine, healthful exercise you  
and other mothers want your kid-  
dies to get—and more fun and good  
times than kiddies imagined they  
could have. Don't delay your child's  
joy in owning one!

Keep kiddies off the street—  
right in the yard where they're **SAFE!**



GO-BOY Gym has no  
equal for developing  
little bodies, strength-  
ening arms and legs  
and broadening  
 chests. And talk  
about fun! Your  
children will keep  
healthy, happy and  
ruddy-cheeked on its  
Flying Rings, Trapeze  
Bar (which are inter-  
changeable) and won-  
derful Swing. Lasts  
all through child-  
hood!

Get these GO-BOY Health-Building  
Playtoys NOW from your hardware or  
toy dealer. Should he not have them,  
write us direct (please give dealer's  
name) for illustrated folder showing  
all GO-BOY Playtoys, and name store  
where you can get GO-BOYS for your  
youngsters.

THE GO-BOY CORPORATION  
600-O Caxton Bldg., Cleveland, O.

### ON HALLOWEEN

ONE Halloween I went out-of-  
doors

To see all there was to see;  
When I looked 'round the corner  
What should there be,  
But a funny pumpkin staring at me!

RACHEL RODMAN

Age 10

Normal, Ill.



PETER SOLBERT

Dear Miss Waldo:

I LIKE CHILD LIFE very  
much. My brother Rossie  
and my Chinese friend Chionga  
and I have a museum of four  
hundred and forty-nine things, in-  
cluding two camphor wood boards,  
4 feet by 10 feet and about one-  
half inch thick, that used to be  
part of a savage chief's house.  
We also have a Chinese execu-  
tioner's sword, a punishing stick,  
that the Chinese used to whack  
thieves with, and a whale's rib  
about seven feet long and five  
inches in diameter. Then we have  
two wild boar tusks and lots of  
other interesting things.

I would like to be a member and  
get a Joy Givers' card.

Yours truly,

W. L. MACKAY

Tamsui, Formosa, Japan

Age 11

## Are your children healthy and normal?



If not you should  
watch their weight  
with a **Health-O-  
Meter Scale**—Mal-  
nutrition a danger

AN alarming percent-  
age of school chil-  
dren have been pro-  
nounced weaklings by  
child welfare investi-  
gators. "Malnutrition"  
is the cause. You may  
say that your children  
get plenty of food, all  
they can eat. Yet a  
physical examination  
reveals the fact that  
many children of well-  
to-do families are suf-  
fering from malnutri-  
tion. This leads to  
serious conditions later. For weak chil-  
dren make weak men and women.

Childhood is a critical time of life.  
Ordinary children are hard to please as  
to food. They eat the things they want,  
not the things they should have to nour-  
ish their fast-growing young bodies. You  
can't tell from their looks if they are  
properly nourished. Checking their  
growth and weight daily by accurate,  
scientific weight charts will help.

For weighing children physicians rec-  
ommend HEALTH-O-METER Automatic  
Bathroom Scale. It is a handsome, com-  
pact scale which is finished to match  
your bathroom fixtures in ivory enamel  
and nickel plated metal fittings. It weighs  
accurately up to 250 lbs. and is auto-  
matic. No weights to set. You just  
step on the platform and the dial records  
your weight. With a HEALTH-O-METER  
you can keep constant record of the  
changes of weight in your children. You  
can see that they are properly nourished  
and that they are growing as they should.  
We furnish scientifically correct weight  
and growth charts for boys and girls.  
The HEALTH-O-METER is a universal  
home scale, just as good for you to watch  
your own weight and prevent stoutness  
from creeping on you.

Department and hardware stores in  
most cities have the HEALTH-O-METER.  
Ask for it by name. It is guaranteed  
correct and reliable. If your dealer can't  
supply you, write to us direct.

THE CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS  
Dept. 48K, 5701 S. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

THE CONTINENTAL SCALE WORKS  
Dept. 48K, 5701 S. Claremont Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.  
Please mail me without obligation on my part, free  
and postpaid, your book, "Weigh What You Want"  
and full particulars about special offer for your  
HEALTH-O-METER Automatic Bathroom Scale,  
and System of Weight Control Made Easy.

- ☐ I want to reduce my weight.  
☐ I want to build up my weight.  
(Please check above for our information.)

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



3857—Velvet Hat, shirred crown, band and brim. Braided edge, fancy Ribbon trim. \$3.00  
Red, Sand, Copen, Brown, Rose . . . . . 3 each

**Fairfame**  
Kiddie Caps

MAKE EVERY CHILD  
A PICTURE

Bring out that true baby loveliness—those dimpled, rosy cheeks and mischievous eyes. Her every expression is a delightful picture when framed in a Fairfame Kiddie Cap.

If your favorite shop does not carry Fairfame Kiddie Caps, write us sending their name and address and we will supply you through them.

Priced \$3 \$4 \$5 and up  
Send for Booklet "C" of Fairfame Styles

*G. H. Freyberg*  
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BABY CAPS KIDDIE CAPS BOUTIQUE CAPS

**SHEBOYGAN**  
DE-LUX SPEEDSTER

FREE BOOK



**A Sturdy, Classy, Speedy Coaster**

A real auto-type sport model; double disc wheels, balloon tires; auto-type roller bearings; headlights and other distinctive features. Finish, 3 colors auto-gloss enamel. America's fastest selling coaster. Built in two sizes. Super-eight 16x36"—1 1/4" balloon tires, delivered to your door, prepaid—\$12.00. If dealers can't supply you, send us money order.

**THE SHEBOYGAN LINE**  
Fifteen styles of coasters and wagons, also steering sleds, wheel-barrows, scooters, play carts, Buddy Bikes and play furniture.

**FREE BOOK** describes the full line including the new Teddy Game. Write today for your copy.

Sheboygan Coaster & Wagon Works  
Dept. C Sheboygan, Wis.

**TEDDY, THE JUNGLE HUNTER**  
Something new—great fun for boys big and little. The only sharp-shooting, absolutely safe gun. Price \$1.00 postpaid.

**Baby Loves**  
A Bath With  
**Cuticura**  
Soap



Mild and Soothing to Tender Skins.

Dear Miss Waldo:

MY SISTER teaches school and gets the CHILD LIFE magazine every month. I enjoy the stories very much. I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club. I enjoy reading the stories and poems of the Joy Givers' Club.

Lovingly,  
THELMA FRASER



EDWARD AND EUGENE RYAN  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I ENJOY your magazine very much and get every number. I like the poems especially and like to cut them out and keep them.

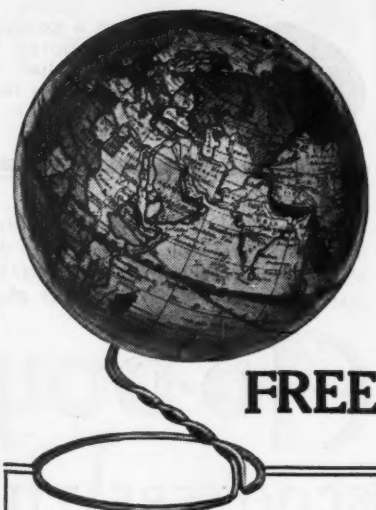
I like to make up poems and I am sending you one that I made up yesterday. If it is good enough to print, will you please tell me what number you can put it in? My home is in Concord, N. H., but we spend every other winter in Miami, where we are now. Your CHILD LIFE friend,

FREDERICK S. HALL  
Age 11 Miami, Fla.

### THE FAIRY SHIP

O! Ship with sails a purple hue,  
That glides upon the ocean blue,  
That brings sweet news from far-off lands,  
Guided by fairies from Fairyland,  
O, fairies, tell your news to me  
That I may know what it might be,  
And when you have more news to tell  
That comes from a pretty fairy dell,  
Just whisper it to me—  
And I will whisper back my joy to thee!

FREDERICK S. HALL  
Age 11 Miami, Fla.



FREE

### Here's a Globe for You

HERE'S a globe of the world, built like the one in school only not too big for your room. And right now when school is starting you can have it FREE.

It is what is called a revolving six-inch Rand McNally globe—six inches straight through. All the countries of the world are printed in beautiful colors on it. With it you can get a clear idea of just where every country is, how big it is compared to others, why the sun rises and sets, what Columbus was trying to do when he discovered America, how much water there is, what the equator is, where the north pole is, and you will learn ever so many other things, too.

### You Can Have It In Your Room

To get this interesting globe FREE just when school is starting, simply send us the new subscription of some friend for one year and the \$3.00 you have collected. It must be a new subscription and must not be your own, or to your own address. Use the blank below and the day after we receive it with the \$3.00 we will send the globe postpaid to you. Only one globe sent to one address.

— — — FOR THE GLOBE — — —

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY One Year \$3.00  
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago Two Years 5.00

Enclosed you will find a check for \$3.00 for one year or \$5.00 for two years' subscription to CHILD LIFE, to be sent to

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Please send the six inch globe of the world to me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

O-10 625



**NEW MOON ART**

**FOR EVERY CHILD**

**COLORFUL AND FASCINATING**

TRADE MARK

Parry's New Moon Child Art

Originators-Designers

IN introducing this delightful, entertaining, and instructive art, we are offering a series of cash prizes for best comic creation following the lines of our New Moon Art (directions in package). Boys and girls 4 to 14 years. New Moon Art package \$1.25. Postpaid and Insured (send money order). Order from us direct.

**NEW MOON CHILD ART**  
P. O. Box 265 Seattle, Wash.  
Also for Schools and Kindergartens

## FREE Jingle Book



Send your name and address today for the FREE Jingle Book. NOT a catalog. Handsomely illustrated in colors, containing nursery rhymes featuring Dapple Gray.

**Dapple Gray**

Dapple Gray, with his lifelike aluminum head and bright colors, is beloved by children. Can be used the year 'round, indoors and out. Strongly made, baked enamel. Large rubber tired wheels.

**JUNIOR WHEEL GOODS COMPANY**  
Kokomo, Ind.

**KoKoMo**

**SKATES**

with the self-contained ball bearing wheels, the truss frame construction and the "rocking chair" movement

"Young America's First Choice"

Ask your dealer for the skate with the RED DISC

Steel Thread or Rubber Tires

Ko Ko Mo Stamped Metal Co., KOKOMO, INDIANA

**Boys & Girls Earn \$2.00 Be First in Your Town**

WRITE NOW for 50 Sets Christmas Seals. Sell for 10c a set. When sold send us \$3.00 and keep \$2.00. Trust You till Xmas. Neubecker Bros. 961 E. 23d St., Dept. 162, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fill Your Child's Room With Pictures

**Moore Push-Pins**

Glass Heads—Steel Points

**Moore Push-less Hangers**

Securely Hold Heavy Pictures

10c pkts. Everywhere

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

My Dear Miss Waldo:

I WISH to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club. I am sending my picture taken on my pony. I like to play ball and I play in real games in the City Playground League. Our team has not been beaten this summer. I will be in the third grade A when school starts. I enjoy CHILD LIFE very much.

Your friend,

**JOHN EDWARD BICE**

Age 7 Fort Dodge, Iowa



**JOHN E. BICE**  
Fort Dodge, Iowa

Dear Miss Waldo:

I AM writing for my brother and for myself to tell you how much we enjoy CHILD LIFE. You will never know how we look forward to its coming each month. It is so different from any of the books we have had. We are able to go through it several times and still find something new.

We came up here for three years, because Father has to work up here, and now we have a donkey. My brother and I each have a donkey, which we are going to learn to ride. Just this week my brother's donkey went away, and brought home a little baby donkey, which we call Judy. She is four days old to-day. If ever I get a snapshot of them, I shall send you one.

Yours sincerely,

**IDALIA COPPEN**

Marble Bar,

Western Australia



—all the fun of a cabinet  
"Just Like Mother's"

YOUR little girl would enjoy this real kitchen cabinet—just her size. See that roll front. It really runs up and down. See those cunning doors that open and close, with spring catches just like the doors on the big cabinet in the kitchen. That's why this cabinet gives your little girl so much joy.

### FREE CATALOG

Your Christmas Catalog of Playthings that build character is now ready. Make your Christmas shopping for the children easy by sending for your copy now.

Send No Money—simply sign and send coupon—pay when cabinet is delivered—price shown in coupon, plus small delivery charge.

**PLAYROOM EQUIPMENT COMPANY**  
1812 Tribune Tower, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the following:

- ☐ Playroom Cabinet, porcelain top \$11.00 each.  
☐ Free copy of Christmas catalog.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....State.....

## After School or Play—Murine

AFTER school, **Murine** quickly relieves EYES strained by study or irritated by the chalk dust of the schoolroom.

After play, it soothes away the irritation caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust.

Thousands of careful mothers now use this long-trusted lotion to keep little EYES always clear, bright and healthy.

Write Murine Company, Dept. 90, Chicago, for free book on eye care.

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR  
EYES

## These Mothers Earn Extra Money

**CHILD LIFE** wants you for a partner and offers to you an opportunity to add to your bank account without taking you away from your home and family. We must necessarily select our representatives with the greatest of care and have found that mothers are our most successful partners. Their co-operation is so valuable to **CHILD LIFE** that we pay them liberally for their efforts in their spare time.

Many busy mothers have earned from \$10.00 to \$100.00 a month in their subscription work for **CHILD LIFE**. You can do as well or even better, as it all depends on how much time you have to devote to the work.

This is the very beginning of the regular subscription season. Make yourself a partner of **CHILD LIFE** and invest your spare time during October, November and December in subscription work and prove to yourself that you, too, can add materially to your bank account.

We should like to tell you personally about our plan for you to become our partner, so that you, too, can earn a nice income and bonus each month by investing your spare time with us.



Mrs. F. M. Caffee, Wyo.



Mrs. L. R. Hawn, Okla.



Mrs. F. H. Jones, Calif.

**CHILD LIFE** Subscription Club  
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.  
NAN McCULLOCH, Secretary

Please tell me your plan for becoming your partner and turning my spare time into money.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Dear **CHILD LIFE**:

I GET the **CHILD LIFE** every month and I like it. I thought you would like to have my picture. I saw the globe in one of my **CHILD LIVES** and I asked Daddy if he



MARJORIE SCHEFFREEN

would subscribe for it, and he said he would.

When I took my picture I was six and a half.

MARJORIE SCHEFFREEN  
Detroit, Mich.



MARJORIE AND MARGARET SHEPHERD

Dear Miss Waldo:

MY SISTER and I have been taking **CHILD LIFE** for two years and like it very much. We are twins and would each like to be Joy Givers. With love,

MARJORIE SHEPHERD  
Hollywood, Calif.

### How to Give an Interesting Party

NO NEED to worry about keeping the children's interest. Even grown ups will be fascinated and absorbed.

#### "A PICTURE PARTY"

with 20 miniature reproductions of famous masterpieces, gummed ready for the fun of trimming and mounting in the spaces provided in the accompanying Scrap book beside the story of each picture told by Maude I. G. Oliver.

\$ .75 Postpaid

BROWN-ROBERTSON CO., Inc.  
Educational Art Publishers  
Dept. A., 8-10 E. 49th St., New York

### STELLA D. KISCH

"Junior Sport Shop," Inc.  
20 W. 49th St., New York, Phone Bryant 5460

Bloomers, middies, sweaters, that look right—fit right—ARE right

Everything for the Girl who goes to School, College and Camp. Send for Booklet "L"



### "SET 'EM UP"

A brand new game for the family. A new bowling game—simple yet so fascinating it absorbs the whole family for hours. There are ten rolling jumping little men to fit in the goals and two steel balls that have a persistent way of getting into the goals. The game is to roll the ten pins into the holes and keep the balls out.

GENERAL TOY & NOVELTY MFG. CO.  
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Boys & Girls HALLOWEEN ! Sprise! See page 636

## AT THE OCEAN

WHEN I was down at play  
Beside the ocean one day  
I saw some fishes, once happy and  
gay,  
Caught in a net where they had  
to stay;  
I saw many birds as they flew  
away,  
And a pretty shell, like the dawn  
of day.

E. WELLS HUBBARD

Age 7 Paotingfu, China

Dear Miss Waldo:

THANK you so much for my membership card to the Joy Givers' Club. The things I like best in CHILD LIFE are "Dizzy Lizzie," "The Adventure of the Seven Keyholes" and the Joy Givers' Club, and after that I like Indoor and Outdoor Sports.

I like France a lot. It is a queer place. The streets are old and quaint and they are terribly narrow. I love the carriages you see here. You hardly ever see any in America, or "home," as I call it. The trains are queer, too. They have little rooms, with a narrow hall on one side of the compartment.

Speaking of joy, I think that you give as much joy as all the Joy Givers in the club!

I must say good-bye,

Your little Joy Giver,

DOROTHY SYMES

Splendide Hotel

Evian Les Bains, Hte Savoie,  
Age 10½. France

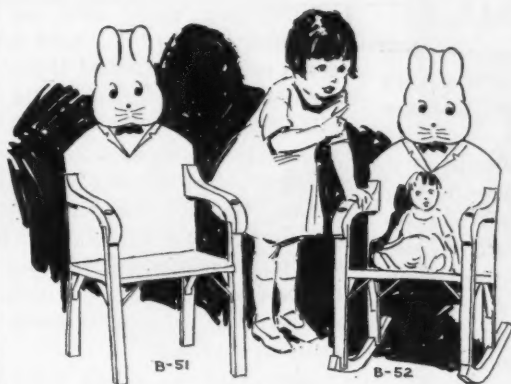
Dear Miss Waldo:

I THINK CHILD LIFE is a very nice magazine. I like to read the poems and letters that children write, so I thought I would write, too. My teacher takes CHILD LIFE and she brings it to school. I came from Switzerland four years ago. At first this was a strange country, but now I am getting to like it better. I would like to join the Joy Givers' Club.

Yours truly,

KARL STEGMULLER

R. 5, Stockbridge, Mich.



## SAFE IN A BUNNY CHAIR

BETTY knows that she and Mary Jane, her favorite doll, are safe when they are in the arms of Mr. Bunny chair. Children delight in these artistically painted ivory enameled chairs. These chairs are well constructed and durable. They make an attractive addition to any home.

Ask your dealer to show you a Bunny chair. If he doesn't carry it mail the coupon with money attached today. Specify which chair you want and we will send it to you prepaid by return mail.

BETTY-MARILYN COMPANY, Elkhart, Indiana

Enclosed find \$3.95 for Bunny Chair No. B-51, or \$4.45 for Bunny Rocker No. B-52.

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for book, paper patterns of the brick door-stop shown above and five other clever ideas for small gifts. Also three-yard sample of tape in fast color percale in any one of the following colors: Lavender, Pink, Light Blue, Copen, Red, Brown, Navy, Reseda Green, Gray, Old Rose, Black, Yellow, Linen Color, Orange.



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Manufacturers  
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## HOW THE TURTLES GOT THEIR SHELLS

**Y**EARs ago turtles did not carry their homes with them as they do now, but I will tell you how they got them.

Jock was a turtle who lived in Happy Pond, and every day he played with his brothers and sisters. One day an otter scared them. All the turtles ran home, while Jock ran into a strange forest. As he was tired and he saw a shady tree, he went to sleep.

When he awoke, a fairy was beside him and she said, "My name is Fairy Friend, and you may have three wishes."

Jock said, "I—I wish that my brothers are safe. I wish I could have a shell to protect myself and that all other turtles could have shells, too. I wish I were home now." At the word "now" all his wishes were granted.

That is why turtles have their homes on their backs.

GASTON POL FONTAINE  
New Bedford, Mass.

Age 9 years.

## A Handy Way to Subscribe

**T**HE attached coupon is for you, who occasionally take Child Life home to your children or to little friends. Why not fill out this coupon and mail it to us, so that the lucky boy or girl will be on our regular mailing list to receive Child Life each month? Child Life will bring 365 days of real constructive fun.

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— — — Save me \$1.20 — — —

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536 South Clark Street  
Chicago, Illinois

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Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

(\$1.00 extra for foreign postage)

Dear Miss Waldo:

**I** WISH you would send me a membership card. I have just started to take CHILD LIFE. I have not seen very many copies of CHILD LIFE but I like it. My cousin, Miss Dorothy Henderson, has been drawing for CHILD LIFE. My uncle has subscribed for it for one year for me. I hope you will publish this letter and I will soon send an essay which I have written. I am enclosing a picture of myself.

I am a Girl Scout and enjoy it very much. I would like to receive letters from members of the club.

MARIE KLIMT

Age 11 years

Chicago, Ill.



MARIE KLIMT

Dear Miss Waldo:

**I**N THE last issue of CHILD LIFE you were good enough to mention my name as one of your eleven-year old readers who would like to receive letters from other girl readers of CHILD LIFE. I have been greatly surprised and very much pleased to receive many letters from the girl readers of CHILD LIFE. It may be that I cannot answer all of the letters right away but I am trying as I want each of the girls who wrote to me to know that I am greatly pleased to hear from them and I will try to write to them soon.

GRACE COLLINS  
Oak Park, Ill.

## MY RABBIT

**I** HAVE a little rabbit That loves to jump and play, But when I'm not looking, He sometimes runs away.

MARGARET PIDGEON,  
Mohave City, Ariz.

Dear Miss Waldo:

**I** THINK CHILD LIFE is the best magazine for children ever published. I've had three copies of CHILD LIFE and I think I will continue getting it every month. I live in Indiana on a two hundred and sixty acre farm. May I belong to the Joy Givers' Club?

Yours truly,

JOHN MACY

Age 8 years Hagerstown, Ind.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

**O**WING TO the number of letters I received from CHILD LIFE readers, I found it impossible to answer all, having received over three hundred letters, and nearly all asked me to correspond with them.

I was born in Boston, Mass., and am an American. I lived in Shanghai for four and a half years and spent one year in Siberia and the rest in the United States of America.

I go to the Shanghai American School and am in the seventh grade. There are about 400 American children in our school. There are over ten schools for foreign children.

The population of Shanghai is 2,000,000, of which 20,000 are foreigners and the rest are Chinese and some Japanese. Shanghai is very beautifully situated, having the Yangtze River right in the heart of the city and many creeks around it. There are over ten moving picture shows in the settlement and many others outside of the settlement in which they show the most modern pictures. I am enclosing some views of Shanghai.

With love to all the CHILD LIFE readers,

LILLIAN GOULD

Age 12 years. Shanghai, China.



**"A book is a garden, an orchard, a storehouse, a company by the way, a counselor"**

If a book be all of these things and more, how can one fail to provide a child with such companionship, resources and inspiration

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Dept. X-33, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago

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Name .....

Address .....





What makes Molly so happy? I'm sure you don't have to be told, for those two collie puppies answer the question. They came from

**SUNNYBRAE COLLIE KENNELS**  
Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have fine collie puppies like these at reasonable prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that you are getting the best kind of a playmate. Mr. F. R. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has written a book on Dog Training, which he will send to you for 35c. He would be glad to receive a letter from you.

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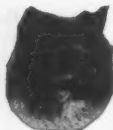


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Ideal companions for children of all ages. Intelligent, healthy puppies.

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East Pike, New Brunswick, N.J.

### CHILD LIFE

## Dog Stories

### JENNY DUFFY

I HAVE a little puppy.  
Her name is Jenny Duffy.  
Oh! her hair is so fluffy.  
My nice little Jenny Duffy.

**ROSALIE STATZ**  
Age 8 years Parkston, S. D.

### MY DOGGIE

I TALK about my doggie  
All the time,  
I know there is no other dog  
As good as mine.

I have a little dog,  
Her name is Sue,  
When we go riding,  
She always goes too.

**BETH DIMICK**  
Age 10 years Los Angeles, Cal.

### PEKINGESE

#### This Is Me

I may be little and soft and plump,  
But my heart is big and true.  
My mistress says now I'm quite big enough  
To leave my dear mother—for you.



Write at once for descriptions and pictures from the largest and best appointed kennels in the World.  
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IF YOU should like to have a friendly dog we will be glad to answer any questions about them. We will tell you what dogs make the best companions, about how much they cost, and, if you like, we will recommend the best

kennels near your home for your convenience.

The Dog Department of CHILD LIFE has helped many of its little readers in the selection of these lovable pets and is able to give you good, reliable advice about them.

Just Write to

**CHILD LIFE, DOG DEPARTMENT**  
536 South Clark Street - CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



